



Tamburlaine the Greate.

*With his impaſſionate furie, for the
death of his Lady and Loue faire Zenocra-
te: his forme of exhottation and discipline
to his three Sonnes, and the manner of
his owne death.*

The ſecond part.



L O N D O N

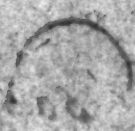
Printed by E. A. for Ed. W. and are to be ſold
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Church at the Signe of the Gun.

1606.

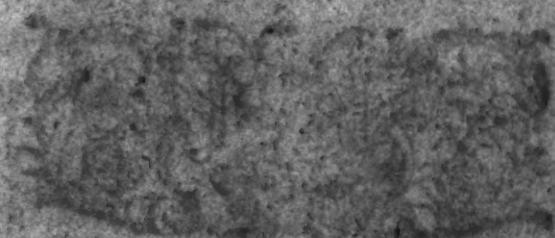


Tampouraine the Greece

Went to the...
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L O N D O N
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THE
SECOND PART
OF

*The bloody Conquests of mightie
Tamburlaine.*

The Prologue.

THe generall welcomes Tamburlaine receiue,
When he arriv'd last vppon the Stages
Hath made our Poet pen his second part,
Where death cuts off the progresse of his pompe,
And murderous fates throwes all his triumph downe,
But what became of faire Zenocrate,
And with how many Cities sacrifice
He celebrated her said funerall,
Himselfe in presence shall unfold at large.

Act. 1. Scen. 1.

Orcanes, King of Natolia, Gazellus, Vice-Roy of Byron
Vpibassa, and their Traine, with Drums and
Trumpets.

Orcanes.

ERegions viceroyes of these Eastern partes,
Plac'd by the issue of great Bazareth,
And sacred Lord the mighty Calapine,
Who liues in Egypt, p'sents to that name,

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Which kept his father in an yron cage,
Now have we marche from faire Natolia,
Two hundred leagues, and on Danubius banks,
Our warlike Hoste in compleete armour rest,
Where Sigismond the King of Hungarie,
Should meet our person to conclude a truce.
What, shal we parle with the Christian,
Or crosse the streame, and meet him in the field?

Byr. King of Natolia let vs treat of peace,
Wee all are glutted with the Christians blood,
and have a greater foe to fight against
Proud Tamburlaine, that now in Asia,
Peere Guyrons head doth let his conquering feete,
and meanes to fire Turkic as he goes,
Gainst him my Lord must you adzeesse your power.

Vpibass. Besides, King Sigismond hath brought from
Christentome,

More then his Campe of stout Hungarians,
Slauonians, Almans, Rutters, Muffes, and Danes,
That with the Halberd, Lance, and murdering are,
Will hazard that we might with safety hold,
Though from the shortest Northren Paralell,
Half Grand and compass with the frozen sea,
Inhabited with tall and sturdy men,
Gyants as big as huge Polipheme;
Millions of Souldiours out of Articke line,
Bringing the strength of Europe to these armes.
Our Turkey blades shall glide through all their
throates,
and make this champion meade a bloody fen,
Danubius streame that runs to Trebizon,
Shall carrie wapt within his scarlet waves,
as martiall presents to our friends at home,
The slaughtered bodies of these Christians.
The Terrene maine wherein Danubius falls,

the Scythian Shepheard.

Shall by this battell be the bloody Sea,
The wandring saylers of proud Italie,
Shal meet those Christians floting with the tyde,
Beating in heapes against their Argosies,
And make faire Europe mounted on her Wilt
Trapt with the wealth and riches of the world,
Alight and weare a woefull mourning weede.

Byr. Met stout Orcanes Brother of the world,
Since Tamburlaine hath mastered all his men,
Marching from Cairon north-ward with his campe,
To Alexandria and the frontier townes,
Meaning to make a conquest of our land,
His requisite to parle for a peace
With Sigismund the King of Hungary:
And saue our forces for the hot assaultes.
Proud Tamburlaine intends Natolia.

Orc. Viceroy of Byron, wisely hast thou said,
My realme the Center of our Emperie
Once lost, all Turkie would be euer-throwne,
and for that cause the Christians shall haue peace.
Slauonians, Almans, Rutters, Muffes, Danes,
Feare not Orcanes, but great Tamburlaine,
For he, but Fortune that hath made him great,
We haue revolted Grecians, Albanes,
Cicilians, Iewes, Arabians, Turkes and Moores,
Natolians, Sorians, and black Egyptians,
Fred, And we from Europe to the same intent
Illirians, Thracians, and Bithynians,
Enough to swallow forcelesse Sigismund,
Yet scarce ynough t'encounter Tamburlaine,
He bringes a world of people to the field,
From Scythia to the Orientall Place,
Of India, where raging Lanchidol
Beates on the Regions with his boysterous blowes,
That neuer sea-man yet discovered:
All Asia is in Armes with Tamburlaine,

The Conquests of Tamburlaine

Even from the midst of fiery Cancers Tropicks,
In Amazonia vnder Capricorne,
And thence as farre as Archipelago,
All Affricke is in armes with Tamburlaine,
Wherefore like-royes the Christians must haue peace.

Actus. I. Scena. 2.

Sigismond, Fredericke, Baldwin, and their Train, with
Sigismond Drums and Trumpets,

O Reanes (as our Legates promise thee)
We with our Peeres haue cross Danubius streame,
To treat of friendly peace or deadly warre.
Take which thou wilt, for as the Romanes vse
I heere present thee with a naked sword,
Wilt thou haue warre? then take this blade at me,
If peace, restore it to my hands againe,
And I will sheath it to confirme the same.

Orc. Stay, Sigismond, forgett thou I am he
That with the Cannon shooke Vienna walles,
And made it dance vpon the continent:
As when the massie substance of the earth,
Quiner about the Arctree of bearch:

Forgettest thou that I sent a shower of Darts
Hingled with powdered shot and feathered Steele
So thicke vpon the blink-ey'd Burgers heads,
That thou thy selfe, then Countie Wallatine,
The King of Boheme, and the Austrich Duke
Sent Heralds out which basely on their knees,
In all your names bestow'd a truce of mee:
Forgettest thou that to haue me raise my hedge,
Wagons of gold were set before my tent,
Stamp't with the Princely tobole, that in her wings
Carries the hearefull thunder-bolts of looe,
How canst thou thinke of this and offer warre?

Sigis. Vienna was besiegd, and I was there,

Then

the Scythian Shepheard.

Then Countie, Pallatine, but now a King:
And what we did was in extremitie,
But now Orcanes, view my royall hoste,
What hides these plaines, and seemes as vast and wide,
As doth the Desert of Arabia.
To those that stand on Baieths loftie Tower,
As the Ocean to the Traveller,
That rests vpon the Snowy Appenines:
And tell me whether I should sleepe so lowe,
Or treat of peace with the Natolian King?

Byr. Kings of Natolia and of Hungary
We came from Turkie to confirme a league,
And not to dare each other to the field.
A friendly parley might become ye both.
Which if your Generall refuse or scorn,
Our tents are pitcht, our men are in array,
Ready to charge you ere you stirre your feete.

Nat. So prest are we, but yet if Sigismond
Speake as a friend and stand not vpon tearmes,
Heere is his sword let peace be ratified,
On these conditions specified before,
Drawne with aduise of our Ambassadors.

Sig. Then heere I sheath it, & giue thee my hand,
Neuer to draw it out and manage armes,
Against thy selfe or thy confederates,
But whilst I liue will be at truce with thee.

Nat. But Sigismond, confirme it with an oath,
And sweare in sight of heaven, and by thy Christ.

Sig. By him that made the world and sau'd my soule,
The Sonne of God, and issue of a maide,
Sweet Iesus Christ, I solemnly protest,
And vow to keepe this peace inviolable.

Nat. By sacred Mahomet, the friend of God,
Whose holy Alcaron remains with vs,
Whose glorious bodie when he left the world,
Close in a coffin, mounted vpon the ayre,

The Conquests of Tamburlaine

Greeke's

And hung on statly Mecas Temple roose,
I sweare to keepe this truce inviolable,
Of whose conditions, and our solemne oathes,
Sign'd with our hands, each shall retaine a scrowle,
As memorabile witnessse of our league.

Now Sigismond, if any Christian King,
Encroch vpon the confines of thy Realme,
Send word, Or canes of Natolia
Confirm'd this league beyond Danubius streame,
And they will (trembling) sound a quicke retreat,
So am I fear'd among all nations.

Sig. If any heathen Potentate or King,
Inuade Natoli, Sigismond will send
A hundred thousand Horse train'd to the warre,
And backt with stout Lancers of Germanie,
The strength and sinewes of the imperiall seate.

Nat. I thanke thee Sigismond, but when I warre,
All Asia Minor, Affrica and Greece
Follow my Standerd and my thundering Drummes,
Come let vs goe and banquet in our Tents:
I will dispatch chiefe of my armie hence
To faire Natolia, and to Trebizon,
To stay my coming gain' a proud Tamburlaine,
Friend Sigismond, and Peeres of Hungarie,
Come banquet and carrouse with vs a while,
And then depart we to our territories. Exeunt.

Actus. 1. Scena. 3.

Callapine with Almeda, his Keeper.

Callap. **S**weete Almeda, pittie the ruthfull plight,
Of Callapine, the Sonne of Baiazeth,
Bozne to be Monarch of the Westerne world.
Yet heere detain'd by cruell Tamburlaine.

Alm. **O** Lord, I pittie it, and with my heart
Wish your release, but he whose wrath is death,

the Scythian Shepheard.

My soueraigne Lord, renowned Tamburlaine,
Forbids you further libertie than this.

Cal. Ah were I now but halfe so eloquent
To paint in words what I performe in deeds.
I knowe thou wouldst depart from hence with mee.

Alm. Not for all Affrick, therefore moue me not.

Cal. Yet heare me speake, my gentle Almeda.

Al. No speech to that end, by your fauour sir.

Cal. By Carioruns,

Al. No talke of running, I tel you sir.

Cal. A little further, gentle Almeda.

Al. Well sir, what of this?

Cal. By Cariorunes to Alexandria bay.

Darotes streames, wherein at anchor lies

A Turkish Gallie of my royall fleet,

Waiting my comming to the river side,

Hoping by some meanes I shall be releast,

Which when I come aboard will hoist by sayle,

And so he put forth into the Terrene Sea.

Where twixt the Isles of Cyprus and of Creet,

He quickly may in Turkish seas arrive.

Then shalt thou see an hundred kinges and more,

Upon their knees all bid me welcome home.

Amongst so many Crownes of burnisht golde,

Chooce which thou wilt, all are at thy command,

A thousand Gallies man'd with Christian slaues,

I freely giue thee, which shall cutt the Straights,

And bring Armados from the coasts of Spaine,

Fraughted with golde of rich America.

The Grecian virgins shall attend on thee,

Skilfull in musicke and in amorous tales,

As faire as was Pigmalion's Iuorie gyle,

Or louely Io metamorphos'd.

With naked Negroes shall thy Couch be daintie,

And as thou rid'st in triumph through the streets,

The pavement underneath thy chariot wheels,

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With Turke carpets shall be covered:
And cloth of Arras hung about the walls,
Fit objects for thy princely eye to pierce.
A hundred Balloes cloath'd in crimson like
Shall ride before thee on Barbarian steeds,
And when thou goest, a golden Canapie,
Enchac'd with precious stones which shine as bright
as that faire baile, that covers all the world,
When Phoebus leaping from his Hemisphere
Descendeth downward to thy Antipodes,
And more than this, for all I cannot tell.

Al. How farre hence lies the Gally, say you?

Cal. Sweet Almeda scarce halfe a league from hence.

Al. But need we not be spied going about?

Cal. Betwixt the hollow hanging of a hill,
And crooked bending of a craggie rock,
The sayles wapt up, the masts and tacklings downe,
She lies so close that none can find her out.

Al. I like that well: but tell me my Lord, if I should
let you go, would you be as good as your word: shall I
be made a king for my labour?

Cal. As I am Callapine the Emperour,
And by the hand of Mahomet I sweare,
Thou shalt be crownd a king, and be my mate.

Al. When heere I sweare, as I am Almeda,
Your Keeper under Tamburlaine the great,
(for that's the stile and title I haue yet)
Although he sent a thousand armed men,
To intercept this haughty enterprize,
Yet would I venture to conduct your Grace,
And dye before I brought you backe againe.

Cal. Thanks gentle Almeda, then let vs haste,
Least time be past, and lingring, let vs both.

Al. When you will my Lord, I am ready.

Cal. Even straight: and farewell cursed Tamburlaine,
Now goe I to revenge my fathers death.

Exit.

Actus

the Sythian Shepheard

Actus 1. Scena 6.

Tamburlaine with Zenocrate, and his three sonnes,
Calyphas, Amyras, and Celebinus, with
drumes and Trumpets.

Tam

Now bright Zenocrate, the worlds faire eye,
Whose beames illuminate the lamps of heauen,
Whose chearfull lookes doe cleare the cloudy aire,
and cloath it in a chrystall liuery.

Now rest thee heere on faire Larissa plaines,
Where Egypt and the Turkish Empire parts,
Betweene thy sonnes that shall be Emperours,
and euery one commander of a world.

Zen. Sweet Tamburlaine, when wilt thou leave these
and saue thy sacred person free from scath,
and dangerous chaunces of the wrathfull warre?

Tam. When heauen shall cease to moue on both his poles
and when the ground wheron my souldiers march,
shall rise aloft and touch the hoined Moone,
and not befoze my sweet Zenocrate.

Sit by and rest thee like a louely Queene:

So, now she sits in pompe and maiestie,

When these my sonnes, more precious in mine eyes

When all the wealthy Kingdomes I subdude,

Plac'd by her side, looke on their mothers face,

But yet me thinkes their lookes are amozons,

Not martiall as the sonnes of Tamburlaine:

Water and ayze being symboliz'd in one,

argue their want of courage and of witt,

Their haire as white as milke, as soft as Downe,

Which should be like the quilles of Porcupines,

as black as Icar, and hard as Iron or Steele,

Whereas they are too dainty for the warres.

Their fingers made to quauer on a Lute.

Their

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Their armes to hang about a Ladies necke,
 Their legs to dance and caper in the ayre,
 Would make me thinke them bastards not my Sonnes,
 But that I know they issued from thy wombe,
 That neuer look's on man but Tamburlaine.

Z. n. My gracious Lord, they have their Mothers looks,
 But when they list their conquering fathers heart,
 This lovely Boy, the youngest of the three,
 Not long agoe bestrid a Scythian Deere:
 Trotting the ring, and tilting at a glene,
 Which when he fainted with his slender reed,
 He raign'd him straight and made him so carter,
 As I cride out for feare he should have fallne.

Tam. Well done my Boy, thou shalt have whole lance
 Armour of proofe, Horse, Helme, and Curtaine,
 and I will teach thee how to charge thy foie,
 and harmlesse run among the deadlye pikes,
 If thou wilt loue the warres and follow me,
 Thou shalt be made a King and raigne with me,
 Receiuing in yron Cages Emperours,
 If thou exceede thy Elder Brothers world,
 and shine in compleat vertue more then they,
 Thou shalt be King before them, and thy seede,
 Shall issue crowned from their Mothers wombe.

Cel. Yes Father, you shall see me if I live,
 Haue vnder me as many things as you,
 and march with such a multitude of men,
 as all the world should tremble at their die.

Tam. These words assure me (Boy) thou art my self.
 When I am olde, and cannot manage armes,
 Be thou the scourge and terror of the world.

Amy. Why may not I, my Lord, as well as he,
 Be feared the scourge and terror to the world?

Tam. Be all a scourge and terror of the world,
 Or else you are not sonnes of Tamburlaine.

Cal. But while my Brothers follow, armies my Lord
 Let

the Scythian Shepherd.

Let me accompany my gracious Mother,
They are ynough to conquer all the world,
and you haue won enough for me to keepe,

Tam. Bastardy Boy sprung from some colwarde laines
and not the issue of great Tamburlaine,
Of all the prouinces I haue subdued
Thou shalt not haue a foote, vnieste thou haue
a mind contagious and inuincible.
For he shall weare the Crowne of Persia:
Whose head hath deepest scarres, whose breast most
Which being wroth, sends lightning from his eyes, (worlds
and in the furrowes of his crowning browes
Harbours reuenge, war, death and crueltie,

For in a field whose superfluities
Is conered with a liqued purple baile,
and sprinkled with the braines of slaughtered men,
My royall chaire of state shall be aduanc'd,
and he that meanes to place himselfe therein
Must (armed) wade vp to the chin in blood.

Zen. My Lord, such speeches to our Princely Sonnes,
Dismaies their mindes before they come to proue,
The wounding troubles angrie warre affoord.

Cel. No Madam, these are speeches fit for vs.
For if his chaire were in a sea of blood,
I would prepare a ship and sayle to it,
Ere I would loose the title of a King.

Amy. and I would wille to swimme through pooles of
blood.

Or make a bridge of murdered Cathartes,
Whose arches should be fram'd with bones of Larkes,
Ere I would loose the title of a King.

Tam. Well louely Boyes, ye shall be Emperors both
Stretching your conquering armes from east to west,
and Syria, if you meane to weare a Crowne,
When you shall meete the Turkish Deputie
and all his Vice-royes, snatch it from his head,

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And cleave his Periccion with thy sword

Cal. If any man will hold him, I will strike,
And cleave him to the channell with my sword.

Tam. Hold him and cleave him too, or he cleaves thee,
For wee will march against them presently.

Theridamas Techelles, and Casane
Promitt to meeete me on Larissa plaines,

With Hostes a peece against this Turkish crete,

For I haue swoyne by sacred Mahomet,
To make it parcell of my Emperie.

The Trumpets sound, Zenocrate they come.

Actus. 1. Scena. 5.

Enter Theridamas and his traine, with Drums
and Trumpets.

Tam. **W**elcome Theridamas King of Argier,
Ther. My Lord, the great and mighty
Tamburlaine.

Arch-Monacke of the world, I offer heere,
My Crowne, my selfe, and all the power I haue,
In all affection at thy Kingly feete.

Tam. Thanks good Theridamas.

Ther. Under my colours march ten thousand Greekes,
and of Argier, and Affrickes frontier Colonnes.
Twise twentiethousand valiant men at armes,
All which haue swoyne to sacke Natolia.

Fine hundred Briggandines are under sayle

Meete for your service on the sea, my Lord,

I bat launching from Argier to Tripolie,

Will quickly ride before Natolia,

And batter downe the Castles on the shore.

Tam. Well said Argier, receive thy Crowne againe.

the Scythian Shepheard.

Act. 1. Scene 6.

Enter Tschelles, and Vsumcasane together.

Kings of Morocus and of Fesse, welcome.

Vsum. Magnificent and pooreless Tamburlaine,

I and my neighbor King of Fesse, have brought

To aide thee in this Turkish expedition,

A hundred thousand expert Souldiours,

From Azamor, to Tunys nere the sea,

Is Barbarie unpeopled for thy sake:

and all the men in armour vnder me,

Which with my Crowne I gladly offer thee. (againe,

Tam. Thanks King of Morocus, take your Crowne

Tech. and mightie Tamburlaine, our earthly God,

Whose lookes make this inferiour world to quake,

I heere present thee with the crowne of Fesse,

and with an hoste of Moores train'd to the warres,

Whose cole-blacke faces make their foes retire

and quake for feare, as if the infernall Ioue

Meaning to aide them in these Turkish armes

Should pierce the blacke circumference of hell,

With vglie furies, bearing fierie flags,

and millions of his strong tormenting spirits,

From strong Tescella vnto Bilk duli,

all Barbary is vnpeopled for thy sake. (againe

Tam. Thanks King of Fesse, take heere thy Crowne

Your presence (loving friends and fellow Kings)

Makes me to surfet in concerning Ioy,

If all the Christall gates of Ioues high Court,

Were opened twice and I might enter in,

to see the State and Palesie of heauen,

It could not more delight me than your sight.

Now will we banquet on these plaines awhile,

and after march to Turkey with our Campe.

The Conquests of Tamburlaine

In number more then ate the drops that fall,
 When Boreas rents a thousand swelling clouds,
 And proud Orcanes of Natolia,
 With all his Viceroyes shall be so afraid,
 That though the stones, as at Deucalions flood,
 Were turn'd to men, he should be overcome:
 Such lavish will I make of Turkish blood,
 That Ioue shall send his winged messenger
 To bid me sheath my sword and leave the field,
 The Sun vnable to sustaine the sight,
 Shall hide his bead in Thetis waterie lap,
 And leaue his steeds to satre Bootes charge:
 For halfe the world shall perish in this fight:
 But now my friends, let me examine pee,
 How haue ye spent your absent time from me?

Vlu. My Lord, our men of Barbary haue marcht,
 Four hundred miles with armour on their backs,
 And laine in leager sicke some months and more:
 For since we left you at the Souldans court,
 We haue subdu'd the Southren Gallaria,
 And all the land vnto the coast of Spaine:
 We kept the narrow straight of Gibraltar,
 And made Canaria call be Kinges and Lordes:
 Yet neuer did they recreate themselves,
 Or cease one day from war and hot alarmes,
 And therfore let them rest a while my Lord.

Tam. They shall Casane and tis time yfalt.

Tech. And I haue marcht along the river Nile,
 To Machda, where the mightie Christian Priest,
 Cal'd Iohn the great, sits in a milke white robe,
 Whose triple Gyter I did take by force,
 And made him sweare obedience to my crowne:
 From thence vnto Cazates did I march,
 Where Amazonians met me in the field:
 With whom (being women) I boughfast a league,
 And with my power did march to Zanzibar.

The

the Scythian Shepherd

The western part of Affricke, where I view'd
The Ethiopian sea, rivers and lakes,
But neyther man nor childe in all the land:
Therefore I took my course to Manico,
Where unresisted, I remou'd my campe,
and by the coast of Byarher, at last
I came to Cubar, where the Negroes dwell,
and conquering that, made hast to Nabia,
There hauing sackt Borno the kingly seat,
I tooke the king, and led him bound in chaines,
Vnto Damasco, where I staid before.

Tam. Well done Techelles, what saith Theridamus?

Ther. I left the confines and the bounds of Affricke,
And made a voyage into Europe,
Where, by the riuert Tyros I subdu'd
Stoka, Padalia and Codemia.
Then cross the sea, and came to Oblia,
And Nigra Silua, where the Devils daunce,
which in despright of them I set on fire:
From thence I cross the gulf, call'd by the name
Mare Majore, of the inhabitants:
Yet shall my souldiours make no period,
Vntill Natchia kneele before your feet.

Tam. Then will we triumph, banquet and carouse,
Cookes shall haue pensions to provide vs rates,
and glutt vs with the dainties of the world.
Lachrima Christi and Calabrian Wines
shall common souldiours drinke in quaffing Bobles;
I, liquid gold when we haue conquer'd him,
Dingled with Corral and with Oriental Pearles:
Come let vs banquet and carouse the whiles.

Fineus ælius primum.

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Actus. 2. Scena. I

Sigismond, Fredericke, Baldwin, with their
train.

Now say my Lords of Buda and Bohemia,
What motion is it that inflames your thoughts,
And stirs your valours to such suddaine armes?

Fred. Your Maiestie remembers I am sure,
That cruell slaughter of our Christian bloods,
These heathnish Turkes, and Pagans lately made,
Betwixt the Cittie Zula and Danubius,
How through the midst of Verna and Bulgaria
And almoste to the very walles of Rome,
They haue not long since massacred our Campe,
It resteth now then that your Maiestie,
Take all advantages of time and power,
And worke reuenge vpon these Infidels:
Your Highnesse knowes so; Tamburlaines repaire,
That strikes a terrour to all Turkish hearts,
Natolia hath dismissed the greatest parte,
Of all his armie, pitcht against our power,
Betwixt Cuthea and Orminius mount,
And sent them marching vp to Belgasar,
Acantha, Antioch and Cesarea.

To aide the Kings of Soria and Ierusalem,
Now then my Lord, advantage take heereof
and issue suddenly vpon the rest,

That in the fortune of their overthrow
We may discourage all the Pagan troope,
That dare attempt to war with Christians.

Sig. But call not then your grace to memorie,
The League we lately made with King Orcanes,
Confirm'd by oath and Articles of peace,
And calling Christ for record of our truthes:

the Scythian Shepheard.

This should be treacherie and violence,
against the grace of our profession,

Bald. No whit (my Lord) so; with such Infidels,
In whome no faith nor true Religion rests,
We are not bound to those accomplishments,
The holy lawes of Christendome enloyne:
But as the faith which they prophanely plight,
Is not by necessarie pollicie,

To be esteem'd assurance for our selues,
So what we vow to them should not infringe
Our libertie of armes and victorie,

Sig. Though I confesse the oathes they undertake,
Breed little strength to our securitie,
Yet those infirmitie that thus defame
Their fame, their honors, and their Religion,
Should not give vs presumption to the like.
Our faiths are sound, and must be confirme,
Religious, Righteous, and inviolate.

Fred. More your Grace, its superstition
To stand so strickt on dispensive faith,
and should we loose the opportunitie,
That God hath giden to venge our Christians death,
And scourge their soule blasphemous Paganisme:
as fell to Saul, to Balaam, and the rest
That would not kill, and curse at Gods command,
So surely will the vengeance of the highest,
and lealous anger of his fearefull arme,
Be pour'd with rigour on our sinfull heads,
If we neglect the offered victorie.

Sig. When arme my Lords, and issue suddenly,
Giving commaundment to our generall hoste,
With expedition to assaile the Pagan,
and take the victorie our God hath giden.

Exeunt.

Abul.

C. 2

The Conquests of Tamburlaine

Actus. 2. Scena. 2.

Orcanes, Gazellus, Vribassa with their traine.

Orcanes.

Gazellus, Vribassa, and the rest,
How will we march from prou'd Orminus mount,
to faire Narolia, where our neigbour Kings
Expect our power and our royall presence,
To encounter with the cruell Tamburlaine,
That nigh Larissa swaies a mightie hoste,
and with the thunder of his martiall tooles,
Makes earthquakes in the hearts of men and heauen.

Gaz. and now come we to make his sinewes shake.
With greater power then erst his pride hath felt,
an hundred Kings by scores will bid him armes,
and hundred thousands subiects to each score:
Which if a shoulnze of wounding thunder-bolts
Should breake out of the bowels of the clowdes,
and fall as thicke as haile upon our heads,
In partiall aide of that prou'd Scythian,
Yet should our courages and steeke Crestes,
and numbers more then infinite of men,
Be able to withstand and conquer him.

Vri. He thinks I see how good the Christian King
Is made so; for of our admitted trece,
That could not but before he terrified,
With vnacquainted power of our hoste.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Arise dread Soueraigne and my Noble Lords,
The treacherous armie of the Christians,
Taking advantage of your slender power,
Comes marching on vs, and determines straight,
To bid vs Battell for our dearest lives.

Orc. Traitors, villaines, damned Christians,
Haue I not here the articles of peace?

the Scythian Shephoard.

and solemn covenants we have both confirmed,
He by his Christ, and I by Mahomet.

Gaz. Well and confusion light vpon their heads;
That with such treason seeke our overthrow, and
and cares so little for their Prophet Christ.

Orc. Can there be such deceit in Christians,
Or treason in the fleshly heart of man,
Whose shape is figure of the highest God;
Then if there be a Christ, as Christians say,
But in their deedes deny him for their Christ,
If he bee Sonne to everliving Ioue,
and hath the power of his outstretched arme,

If he be zealous of his name and honoꝝ,
as is our holy Prophet Mahomet;
Take heere these Papers as our sacrifice,
and witnesse of this seruants perjurie.

Open thou shining halle of Scythia,
and make a passage from the imperiall heauen;
That hee that sits on high, and neuer sleepe,
Nor in one place is circumscribable,
But euerie where fills euerie continent,
with strange infusion of his sacred bigoꝝ,
May in his endlesse power and puritie

Behold and venge this Traitors perjurie,
Thou Christ that art eternall omnipotent,
If thou wilt prooue thy selfe a perfect God,
Worthy the worship of all faithfull hearts;
Be now reuenged vpon this Traitors soule,
and make the point I haue left behinde,
(too little to defend our guiltlesse lines),

Sufficient to discomfort and confound,
the troublelle force of those false Christians;
to armes my Word, on Christ I'll let vs cry,
If there be Christ, we shall haue victory.

Sound to the Batrell, and Sigismund comes
out wounded.

The Conquests of Tamburlaine

Sig. Discomfited is all the Christians hoste,
and God hath thundred vengeance from on hie,
For my accurst and hateful perjurie.
O iust and dreadfull punisher of sin,
Let the dishonour of the paines I feele
In this my mortall well deserved wound,
End all my penance in my sudden death,
And let this death wherein I liue I die,
Conceine a second life in endlesse merrie.

Enter Orcanes, Gazellus, Vribassa, with
others.

Or. Now lie the Christians bathing in their bloods,
And Christ or Mahomer hath been my friend,
Gaz. See heere the perjur'd traitor Hungary,
Bloody and breathlesse for his villany.

Orc. Now shall his barbarous body be a prey,
To Beasts and foules, and all the windees shall breath
Through shady leaues of euerp sencelesse tree,
Murmures and hisses for his heinous sinne,
Now scaldes his soule in the Tartarian flames,
and feedes upon the banefull tree of hell,
That Zoacum, that fruite of bitterness,
That in the midst of fire is ingraft,
Yet flourisheth as Flora in her pride,
With apples like the beates of damned kind,
The Demils there in chaines of quenchlesse flame,
shall leade his soule through Orcus burning gulf,
From paine to paine, whose change shall neuer end,
What saist thou yet Gazellus to his sople,
Which we referd to iustice of his Christ,
and to his power which heere appears as full
As rayes of Cinthia to the clearest sight.

Ga. 'Tis but the fortune of the warres my Lord,
Whose power is often prou'd a miracle.

Orc. Per

the Sythian Sheheard.

Orc. Yet in my thoughts shall Christ be honored,
 Not doing Mahomet any iniurie,
 Whose power had share in this our victorie.
 and since this miscreant hath disgrac'd his faith,
 and dyed a Traytor both to heauen and earth,
 We will, both watch and ward shall keepe his trunk,
 Amidst these plaines for foules to pray vppon.
 Go Vribassa, and gine it straight in charge.

Vri. I will my Lord. Exit Vribassa.

Orc. And now Gasellus, let vs haste and meete
 Our armye, and our Brother of Ierusalem,
 Of Soria, Trebisond, and Amasia,
 And happily with full Natolian bowles,
 Of Greekish wine now let vs celebrate
 Our happie conquest and his angrie fate. Exeunt

Actus. 1. Scena ultima.

The Arras is drawne, and Zenocrate lies in her Bed of
 State, Tamburlaine sitting by her: three Phisi-
 cians about her bed, tempering potions,
 Theridamas, Techelles, Vsumca-
 sanc, and the three Sons.

Tam. **B**Lacke is the beautie of the brightest day,
 The Golden Ball of heauens eternall fire,
 That daunc'd with glory on the silver waues,
 Now wants the setwell that enflam'd his beames,
 And all with faintnesse, and for foule disgrace,
 He binds his temples with a frowning cloud,
 Ready to darken earth with endlesse night,
 Zenocrate that gave him light and life,
 Whose eyes shot fire from their ioyous bowers,
 And tempered chery soule with liuely heat,
 Now by the mallice of the angrie skies,
 Whose iealousie admits no second mate,
 Dawes in the comfort of her latest breath.

The Conquests of Tamburlaine

Al daddled with the hellish mylles of death,

Now walke the angels on the walles of heauen,
as Centinels to warne th'immortall soules,

To entertaine diuine Zenocrate.

apollo, Cynthia, and the resplende lamps,

That gently looke vpon the loathsome earth,

Shine downwards now no more, but deck the heauen

To entertaine diuine Zenocrate.

The Christall springs whose taste illuminates,

Refined eyes with an eternall light,

Like tryed silver runs through Paradio,

To entertaine diuine Zenocrate.

The Cherubins and holy Seraphins,

That sing and play before the King of Kings,

Use all their voyces and their instruments

To entertaine diuine Zenocrate.

and in this sweet and curious harmony,

The God that tunes this musick to our soules,

Holds out his hand in highest maiestie

To entertaine diuine Zenocrate.

Then let some holy traunce conuey my thoughts,

Up to the pallace of th'imperiall heauen,

That this my life may be as short to me,

as are the dayes of sweet Zenocrate.

Physitions, will no physike doe her good?

Phy. My Lord, your Maiestie shall soone perceiue,

and if she passe this fit, the world is past.

Tam. Tell me, how fares my faire Zenocrate?

Zen. I fare my Lord, as other Emperors,

That when this frailty and transitory flesh,

Hath suckt the measure of that vitall ayre,

That feeds the body with his dated health,

Wanes with enuoy and necessarie change.

Tam. May neuer such a change transforme my loue.

In whose sweet being I repose my life,

Whose heauenly presence beautified with health,

Times

the Scythian Shepherd.

Shines light to Phoebus and the fixed Starres,
Whose absence makes the sunne and spoone as dark
as when oppos'd in one Diameter.
Their Spheres are mounted on the Serpents head,
Or else descended to his winding traine.
Line still my love and so concerne my life,
Dying, be the author of my death.
Zen. Line still my Lord. Let my Soueraigne line,
And sooner let the fierie Element
Dissolve, and make your kingdom in the skye,
Then this base earth should shroud your Majesty.
For should I but suspect your death by mine,
The comfort of my future happiness
and hope to meete your highnesse in the heauens,
Turn'd to dispaire, would breake my watched breast,
And furie would confound my present rest.
But let me die my Love, yet let me dye,
With love and patience let your true love dye.
Your griefe and furie hurts my second life.
Yet let me kisse my Lord before I die,
and let me die with kissing of my Lord.
But since my life is lengthen'd yet a while,
Let me take leaue of these my loving Sonnes,
and of my Lords, whose true Nobilitie
Have merited my latest memory,
Sweet Sons, farewell, in death resemble me,
and in your lines your Fathers excellence.
Some musicke, and my fit will cease my Lords.

They call for Musicke.

Tam. Beyond furie, and intollerable fit,
That dares torment the body of my Love,
and scourge the scourge of the immortal God,
Now are those Syndegres where Cupid blowes to fit,
Wounding the world with wonder and with love,
Sadly supplied with paine and ghastly death,
Whose Darts doe pierce the center of my soule,

Yet

The Conquests of Tamburlaine

Her sacred beautie hath enchanted heaven,
and had she liv'd before the siege of Troy,
Hellen whose beautie summons Greece to armes,
and drew a thousand ships to Tenedos,
Had not bin nam'd in Homers Iliades,
Her name had beene in every line he wrote.
Nor had those wanton Poets, for whose birth
Old Rome was proud, but gaz'd a while on her,
Nor Lesbia nor Corinna had beene nam'd,
Zenocrate had been the argument
Of every Epigram or Elegie.

The Musicke sounds and she dies.

Tam. What is the deed? Techelles draw thy sword,
and wound the earth, that it may cleave in twaine,
and we descend into th' infernall vaults,
To haile the fatall Sisters by the haire,
and throw them in the triple mote of hell,
For taking hence my faire Zenocrate,
Cafare and Theridamas to armes,
Raise Cavalieros higher then the cloudes,
and with the Cannon breake the frame of heaven,
Batter the shining pallace of the Sonne,
and shiver all the starry firmament.

For amorous love hath snatcht my love from hence,
Meaning to make her stately Queene of heauen.

What God soever holds thee in his armes,
Giving thee Nectar and Ambrosia,
Behold me heere Divine Zenocrate,
Raving, impatient, desperate and mad,
Breaking my steeld Lance, with which I burst,
The rusty beames of Ianus Temple doores,
Letting out death and tyrannizing war,
To march with me under this bloody flag,
and if thou pittiest Tamburlaine the great,
Come downe from heauen and live with me againe,

Ther. Oh good my Lord, be patient, she is dead,

the Sythian Shepherd

And all this raging cannot make her live.
If words might serve, our voice hath rent the ayre,
If teares, our eyes have watered all the earth,
If griefe our murdered hearts have strain'd forth blood,
Nothing preuailes, for she is dead my Lord.

Tam. For she is dead: thy words doe pierce my soule.
ah sweet Theridamas, say so no more,
Though she be dead, yet let me thinke she liues,
and feede my minde, that dies for want of her.
Where ere her soule be, thou shalt stay with me,
Embalm'd with Cassia, Amber-Greece and Pitch,
Not lapt in leade, but in a sheete of golde,
and till I die thou shalt not be interr'd,
then in as rich a Tombe as Mausolus,
We both will rest and haue our Epitaph,
Writ in as many febrall languages,
as I haue conquered kingdomes with my sword:
This cursed Towne will I consume with fire,
Because this place bereft me of my love,
the houses burnt will looke as if they mourn'd
and heere will I set vp her statue
and march about it with my mourning Camp,
Drooping and pining for Zenocrates.

The Aias is drawne.
Act. 3. Scena. 11.

Enter the Kings of Trebizond and Soria, one bringing a
Sword, and another a Scepter, next Natolia and Ierusalem
with the Emperiall Crowne, after Callapine, and after him
other Lords: Orcanes and Ierusalem Crowne him, and the
other giue him the Scepter.

Orc. **C**Alepinus Cyriceliber, otherwise Cybelius son
of successe heire to the late mightie Emperour
Baiazeth, by the almightie God and his friend Mahomet,
Emperour of Natolia, Ierusalem, Trebizond, Soria, Amasia,
D 2 Thracia,

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Thracia, Illyria, Cambria, and all the hundred and fiftie
Kingdoms late contributarie to his mightie Father, the
Long Issue Calpurnus, Emperour of Turkie.

Cal. Thyke worthy Kings of Naxos, and the rest, I
I will requite your royall graces, with all the
With all the benefits my Empire yields, and I
And were the sinewes of th' imperiall seats,
So knit and strengthened, as when Baiazeth did stand
My royall Lord and Father did the throne, whose
Whose cursed fates hath so dishonoured it,
When should you see this Chiefe of Scythia,
This proud blurring thing of Persea,
Doe vs such honoz and reverence, as
Bearing the vengeance of our Fathers wrongs,
As all the world should blot our dignities
Out of the Booke of base borne Infamies,
and now I doubt not but your royall grace,
Hath so provided for this cursed foe,
that since the heire of mightie Baiazeth
(an Emperour so honored for his vertues)
Reuiues the spirits of true Turkish hearts,
In greivous memorie of his fathers shame,
We shall not neede to nourish any doubt,
But that proud fortune, who hath followed long
The martiall sword of mightie Tamburlaine,
Will now retaine her olde inconstancy,
And raise our honor to as high a pitch,
In this our strong and fortunate encounter,
For so hath heaven provided my escape,
From all the crueltie my soule sustain'd,
By this my friendly keepers happie means,
That loue surcharg'd with pittie of our wrongs,
Will pouer it downe in the waters on our heads,
Scourging the pride of cursed Tamburlaine.

Or. I have a hundred thousand men in armes,
Some, that in Conquest of the perier's Chyldren,

Being

On the Scythian Shepherd on T

Being a handfull to a mightie hoste:
 Thinke them in number yet sufficient
 To winke the River Nile & Euphrates,
 And for their power growe to win the world.

Ier. And I as many from Ierusalem,
 Iuda, Gaza, and Sclauonians hounds,
 That on mount Sinay with their Ensignes spred,
 Looke like the partie-coloured clouds of heauen,
 That shew faire weather to the neighbour moine.

Treb. And I as many bying from Trebison,
 Chio, Famastro, and Amasia,
 All bordering on the Mare maior sea,
 Riso, Sancina, and the bordering Townes,
 That touch the end of famous Euphrates.

Whose courages are kindled with the flames
 The cursed Scythian sets on all their towres,
 And bow to burne the Villaines cruell heart as one flame.

Sor. From Soria with Craventie thousand strong,
 Lane from Aleppo, Soldino, Tripoly,
 And so vnto my Cittie of Damascus,
 I march to meeke, and aide my neighbour Kings,
 All which will loyge against this Tamburlaine,
 and bying him captiue to your Highnesse feete.

Orc. Our Battell then in martiall manner pitcht
 According to our auncient vse, shall beare
 The figure of the semi-circled Moone,
 Whose hornes shall sprinkle through the tainted ayre,
 the poysoned braines of this proud Scythian.

Cal. Well then my Noble Lord, for this my friend
 that freed me from the bondage of my fac,
 I thinke it requisite and honorable
 to keepe my promise, and to make him King,
 that is a Gentleman (I know) at least.

Alm. that's no matter Sir, for being a King,
 For Tamburlaine came vp of nothing.

Ier. Your Maiesty may choose some pointed time

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Performing all your promise to the full.

It is nought for your Maestie to give a Kingdome.

Cal. Then will I shortly keepe my promise Almeda.

Alm. Why I thanke your Maestie.

Alm. 2. Scene. 2.

Tamburlaine, with Vsumcasane, and his three Sonnes,

four bearing the Hearse of Zenocrate, and the

Drummes sounding a dolefull march, the

Towne burning.

Tam. So burne the Turrets of this cursed towne,

flame to the highest region of the ayre,

and kinde heapes of exhalations,

That being fierie meteors, may prelude

Death and destruction to the inhabitants:

Ouer my zenith hang a blazing starre,

That may indure till heauen be dissol'd,

Fed with the fresh supply of earthly beegs,

Threatning a death, and famine to this land,

Flying Dragons, lightning, fearful thunder claps,

Sing these faire plaines, and make them seeme as blacke,

as is the flane where the furies make.

Compass with Lethe, Styx and Phlegeton,

Because my deare Zenocrate is dead.

Cal. This pillar plac'd in memorie of her,

wherein Arabian, Hebrew, Greeke, is writ:

This Towne being burn'd by Tamburlaine the great,

Forbids the world to builde it vp againe.

Am. And heere this monimental steamer shall be plac'd,

Wrought with the Persian and Egyptian artes,

To signifie she was a Princesse borne,

And wife vnto the Monarke of the east.

Celib. And heere this Table as a Register,

Of all her vertues and perfections.

Tam. And

the Scythian Shepheard. 101

Tam. And heere the Picture of Zenocrate,
 To shew her beautie which the world admires,
 Sweete picture of Deuine Zenocrate,
 That hanging heere will draw the Gods from heauen,
 and cause the Stars sit in the Southerne Arke,
 Whose lovely faces neuer any biewed,
 That haue not past the Centers latitude,
 as Pilgrims trauell to our Hemi-sphere,
 Onely to gaze vppon Zenocrate.
 Thou shalt not beautifie Larissa plaines,
 But keepe within the circle of mine armes,
 At euerie towne and Castle I besiedge
 Thou shalt beset vpon my royall tent,
 and when I meete an armie in the field,
 Whose lookes will shed such influence in my campe,
 as if Bellona Goddess of the warre,
 Wherewith naked swords and sulphur balles of fire,
 Upon the heads of all our enemies.
 And now my Lords, aduance your speares againe,
 Sorow no more my sweete Casane now:
 Boyes, leane to mourne, this towne shal euer mourne,
 Being burnt to Cinders for your Mothers death.
 Cal. If I had wept a sea of teares for her,
 It would not ease the sorow I sustaine.
 Amy. As is that towne, so is my heart consum'd,
 With griefe and sorow for my Mothers death.
 Cel. My Mothers death hath mortified my minde,
 and sorow stops the passage of my speech.
 Tam. But now my Boyes, leane off and list to me,
 That meane to teach you rudiments of warre,
 Ile haue you learne to creepe vpon the ground,
 March in your armour thorow watery fens,
 Sustaine the scorching heate and freezing colde,
 Hunger and thirst, right adiuncts of the warre,
 and after this to scale a Castle wal,
 Besiedge a Fort, to undermine a Towne.

And

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And make whole Citties caper in the aire.
then next, the way to fortifie your men,
In champion grounds, what figure serues you best,
For with the quincue-angle forme to meete
Because the corners there may fall more flat,
Whereas the Fort may fittest be assaild,
And sharpest where the assault is desperate.
the ditches must be deepe and counterscarpes,
Parrow and steepe, the wals made high and broad,
The Bulwarkes and the Rampiers large and strong,
With Cavalieros and thicke counterforts,
and roome within to lodge sixe thousand men,
It must have priuie ditches, countermines,
and secret illings to defend the Ditch,
It must haue high Argins and conered waies,
To keepe the Bulwarke fronts from battery,
and Parapets to hide the Pusketters.
Casemates to place the greatst artillery,
and store of Ordnance that from euerie flanke,
May scour the outward curtaines of the Fort,
Dismount the Cannon of the aduerso part,
Further the foe, and save their walles from breach,
When this is learn'd for seruice on the Land,
By plaine and easie demonstration
He teach you how to make the water mount,
that you may dyt-foote march through lakes and pooles,
Deepe Riuers, Hauens, Creekes and little Seas,
And make a fortresse in the raging wanes,
Fenc'd with the concave of a monstrous Rocks,
Invincible by the nature of the place,
When this is done, then are you Souldiers,
and worthy Sonnes of Tamburlaine the great.
Cal. My Lord, but this is dangerous to be done,
We may be slaine or wounded ere we learne,
Tam. Willaine, art thou the sonne of Tamburlaine,

the Scythian Shepheard.

And feart to die, or with a Cattle are
To helpe thy flesh and make a gaping wound,
Hast thou beheld a peale of Ordnance strike,
A ring of Pikes, mingled with Hot and Horse,
Whose shattered lims, being tost as high as heauen,
Hang in the ayre as thicke as Sunny motes,
And canst thou Coward stand in feare of death?
Hast thou not seene my Horsemen charge the foe,
Shot through the armes, cut ouerthwart the hands
Dying their lances with their streaming blood?
and yet at night carrouse within my tent,
Filling their empty baines with ayre wine,
That being conuoyed, turnes to crimson blood,
and wilt thou Runne the field for feare of wounds?
View me thy father that hath conquered Kings,
and with this hofte marcht round about the earth,
Quite void of Scarres, and cleare from any wound,
That by the wars lost not a dram of blood,
And see him lance his flesh to teach you all.

He cuts his arme.

a wound is nothing, be it nere so deepe,
Blood is the God of wars rich liuere.
Now looke I like a Souerour, and this wound,
As greate a grace and Paradyse to me,
As if a Chaire of golde enameld,
Enchac'd with Diamonds, Sapphires, Rubies,
and fairest Pearle of wealthy India,
Were mounted here vnder a Canaple,
and I sat downe, cloath'd with a massie robe,
That late adorn'd, the Affricke Potentate,
Whome I brought bound vnto Damascus walles.
Come boyes, and with your fingers search my wound,
and in my blood wash all your hands at once,
While I sit making to behold the sight,
Now my Boyes, what thinke you of a wound?
Cal. I know not what I should thinke of it,

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He thinks tis a pittifull sight,

Cel. 'Tis nothing giue me a wound Father,

Amy. and me another my Lord.

Tam. Come Sirra, giue me your arme.

Cel. Were Father cut it bravely as you did your stone,

Tam. It shall suffice thou darst abide a wound,

My boy, thou shalt not loose a drop of blood,

Before we meete the armie of the Turke.

But then run desperate through the thickest throngs,

Dreadefulle of blowes, of bloody wounds and death,

And let the burning of Larissa walles,

My speech of war, and this my wound you see,

Teach you my Boyes to beare couragious mindes,

Fitt for the followers of great Tamburlaine.

Vsumcasane now come let vs march

Towards Techelles and Theridamas,

That we haue sent before to fire the townes,

The Towres and Citties of these hatefull Turkes,

and hunt that coward, faint-heart-runaway,

With that accursed Trayto: Almeda,

All fire and swoord haue found them at a bay.

Vsum. I long to pierce his bowels with my sword,

that hath betraide my gracious Soueraigne,

That curst and damned trayto: Almeda.

Tam. Then let vs see if coward Calapine,

Dare leuy armes against our puissance.

That we may treade vpon his captiue necke,

And treble all his fathers slauieries.

Exeunt

Actus. 3. Scena. 1.

Techelles, Theridamas, and their

Traine.

Ther.

Thus haue we marcht northward from Tamburlaine,
Unto the frontier port of Soria,
and this is Balsera their chiefest holde,

Enter

of the Scythian Shepheard.

Wherein is all the treasure of the land.

Tech. Then let vs bring our light artillery.

Pinions, Faulknets, and Sakars to the trench.

Filling the Ditches with the walles wide breach,

and enter in to seaize vppon the golde:

How say you Souldiours, shall we not?

Soul. Yes, my Lord, yes, come lets about it.

Ther. But stay awhile, summon a parle, Drumme,

It may be they will yeelde it quickly,

knowing two Kings the friends to Tamburlaine,

stand at the walles with such a mightie power.

Summon the Battell.

Captaine with his wife and Sonne.

Cap. What require you my masters?

The. Captaine that thou yeelde vpp thy holde to vs.

Cap. To you? Why, doe you thinke me wearie of it?

Tech. Nay Captaine, thou art wearie of thy life,

If thou withstand the friends of Tamburlaine,

Ther. These Ploners of Argier in Africa

Euen to the cannons face shall raise a hill

Of earth and fagots higher then thy Fort,

and ouer thy Argins and conered wales

shall play vppon the Bulwarks of thy hold

Molles of ordinance, till the breach be made.

that with his ruine fills vp all the trench,

and when we enter in, not heauen it selfe

shall ransom thee, thy wife and family.

Tech. Captaine, these Boozes shall cut the leaden pipes

that bring fresh water to thy men and thee:

And lie in trench befoze thy Castle walles,

that no supply of viquall shall come in,

For issue forth, but they shall dye,

and therefore Captaine, yeeld it quickly.

Cap. Were all you that are friends of Tamburlaine

Brothers to holy Mahomet himselfe,

The Conquests of Tamburlaine

I would not yeelde it: therefore doe your worst
Raise mounts better entrench, and undermine,
Cut of the water, all conueyes that can,
yet am I resolute and so farwell.

The. Diggers alway, and where I stuck the stake,
Intrench with those dimensions I prescribed,
Cast vp the earth towards the Castle wall,
Which till it may defend you, labour looses,
and few or none shall perish by their shot.

Pyon. We will my Lord.

Tech. a hundred horse shall scout about the plaines,
To spie what force comes to relieue the holde.

Both we (Theridamas) will intrench our men,
and with the Jacobs staffe measure the height,
and distance of the castle from the trench,
That we may know if our Artillery

Will carrie full point blanche vnto their walles.

Ther. When see the bringing of our Ordinance
along the trench vnto the Battery.

Where we will haue Gallions of fire foote broad

To saue our Cannoniers from musket shot:

Best wirt which shall our ordinance thunder forth,

and with the breaches fall, smoke, fire and dust,

The cracke, the echoe, and the Souldiers crye,

Make deafe the ayre, and dim the Christall Skie.

Tech. Trumpets and Drums, alarme presently,
and Souldiers play the men, the hold is yours.

Enter Captaine with his Wife and Sonne

Olym. Come good my Lord, and let vs haste from hence,
along the Cane that leads beyond the sea,
No hope is left to saue this conquered holde.

Cap. a deadly bullet gliding through my knee,
Lies beaue on my heart, I cannot lue,
I feele my liner pierc'd, and all my vaines,

What

the Scythian Shepheard

That there begin and morris euerie parte
 Spangled and torne, and all my entrails bath'd
 In blood that staineth from their ruses
 Farwell sweet wife, sweete Sonne farwell, Farewell O

Olim. Death, whether art thou gone that both me line,
 Come backe againe (sweet death) and strike vs both,
 One minute end our daies, and one sepulcher,

Containe our bodies death, why comest thou not at once
 Well, this must be the Challenger for thee,
 Now ugly death stretch out thy sable wings,
 and carry both our soules where he remains.

Tell mee sweete Boy, art thou consent to die,
 These barbarous Scythians full of crueltie,
 and Poores, in whom was neuer pittie found,

Will helpe vs peaceably put vs to the wheele,
 Or else invent some torture worse then that,
 Therefore die by the loving Mothers hands,

Who gently will with haunce thy quicke throat,
 and quickly rid thee both of paine and life
 Son, Mother despatch me, or Ile kill my selfe,

For thinke ye I can live and see him dead
 Give me your knife good Mother, or strike haue alreadie
 The Scythians shall not tyrannize on me,

Sweet Mother strike, that I may meet my Father.
 She stab him
 Olym. ah sacred Sabomet if this be true,

Intreat a pardon of the God of heauen
 and purge my soule before it come to thee.
 Enter Theridamas, Techelles, and all thein trayne

Ther. How now Sabam, what are you doing
 Olym. Killing my selfe as I have done my sonne,

Whose body with his Father I have burnt,
 Least cruell Scythians should dismember him
 Tech. Was bravely done, and like a Soldiers wife

Thou
 C 3

The Conquests of Tamburlaine

Thou shalt with vs to Tamburlaine the great,
Who when he heares how resolute thou art,
Will match with thee a Vice-roy or a King.

Olym. By his defeat was deater unto me,
When any Vice-roy, King, or Emperour,
and for his sake heere will I end my daies,

Ther. But Lady goe with vs to Tamburlaine,
and thou shalt see a man greater then Mahomet,
In whose high lookes is much more Palettie
Then from the concave superficies,
Of Ioues vast pallace, the imperall Dybe,
Unto the shining bower where Cinthia sits,
Like louely Rhetis in a Christall robe,
That treadeth fortune vnderneath his seefe,
and makes the mightie God of armes his slaue,
On whose death and the fatall sisters waite,
With naked swords and scarlet lineries,
Before whose (mounted on a Lyons backe) Rhammusia
beares a Helmet full of blood,
and strowes the way with braynes of slaughtered men,
By whose proud side the ugly furies run,
Harkening when he shall bid them plague the world,
ouer whose Zenith cloath'd in windy ayre
And Eagles wings loyn'd to her feathered byest,
Frame houereth, sounding in her golden trumpe,
What to the aduerse poles of that straight line,
Which measureth the glorious frame of heauen,
the name of mightie Tamburlaine is spread,
and him faire Lady, shall thy eyes beholde. Come!

Olym. Take pittie of a Ladies ruthfull teares,
that humbly craves vpon her knees to stay,
and cast her bodie in the burning flame,
that feedes vpon her Donnes and Husbands flesh,

Tech. Adam, sooner shall fire consume vs both,
then scorch a face so beautifull as this.
In frame of which nature hath shew'd more skill,

Then

the Scythian Shepheard.

Then when she gaue eternall Chaos forme,
Drawing from it, the shining lamps of heauen.

Ther. Hadam, I am so far in loue with you,
that you must goe with vs, no remedy.

Olym. then carry me I care not where you will,
and let the end of this my fatall iourney
Be likewise end to my accursed life.

Tech. No Hadam, but the beginning of your ioy,
Come willingly therefore.

Ther. Shouldours, now let vs meete the Generall,
Who by this time is at Natolia,
Ready to charge the armie of the Turke,
The gold, the silver, and the pearle ye got,
Killing this host, deuide in equall shares,
this Lady shal haue twise so much againe
Out of the Coffers of our treasure.

Exeunt.

Actus. 3. Scena. 5.

Callepine, Orcanes, Ierusalem, Trebizon, Soria, Almeda,
with their traine.

Mess. **R**Enowned Emperour, and mightie Callepine,
Gods great liestenant ouer all the world,
Heere at Aleppo with an hoste of men,
Lies Tamburlaine, this King of Persia
In number moze then are the quivering leaues,
Of Idas Forrest where your Highnesse Hounds,
With open crie pursues the wounded Stag:
Who meanes to gitt Natolias walles with sledge,
Fire the towne, and ouer-run the Land.

Cal. My royall armie is as great as his,
that from the bounds of Phrigia to the Sea,
Which washeth Cyprus with his brinish waues,
Covers the Hills, the Valleys, and the plaines.
Vice-royes and Deeres of Turkie play the men.

Albet

The Conquests of Tamburlaine

With all our swords to mangle Tamburlaine,
His Sonnes, his Captaines, and his followers,
By Mahomer not one of them shall live.

The field wherein this battell shall be fought,
For ever, terme the Persians Sepulchre.
In memorie of this our Victorie.

Orc. Now he that calls himselfe the seede of Ioue,
The Emperour of the world and earthly God,
Shall end the warlike progresse he intends,
and trauell head-long to the lake of hell,
Where legions of Devils, (knowing he must die,
Heere in Natolia, by our highnesse hands)
all brandishing their brands of quenchlesse fire,
Stretching their monstrous pawes, grin with their fath,
and guard the gates to entertaine his soule.

Cal. Tell me vice-royes, the number of your men,
and what our armie royall is esteem'd:

Ier. From Palestina and Ierusalem
Of Hebrewes thre-score thousand fighting men,
are come since last we metred to your Maestie,

Orc. So from Arabia desert, and the bounds,
Of that sweete land, whose braue Metropolis
Reedified the faire Semiramis,
Came fourtie thousand warlike foote and horse,
Since last we numbred to your Maestie.

Treb. From trebizon, in Asia the lesse,
Naturalized Turkes and stout Bythinians,
Came to my bands full fiftie thousand more,
That fighting knowes not what retreat both meane,
For ere refuse but with the victorie,
Since last we numbred to your Maestie.

Sor. Of Sorians from Halia is prepar'd
tent thousand horse, and thirtie thousand foote,
Since last we numbred to your Maestie.
So that the armie royall is esteem'd
Five hundred thousand valiant fighting men.

Cal. Then

the Scythian Shepheard.

Cal. When welcome Tamburlaine unto thy death,
Come puissant Viceroyes, let vs to the field
(The Persians Sepulchre) and Sacrifice
Mountaines of breathlesse men to Mahomet,
Who now with Ioue opens the firmament,
To see the slaughter of our enemies.

Actus. 4. Scena. 1.

Tamburlaine with his three Sonnes, Vsumcasane,
with other.

How now Casane? see a knot of Kings,
Sitting as if they were a telling riddles.
Vsum. My Lord your presence makes them pale & wan,
Whose soules they looke as if their beathes were nere.

Tam. Why so it is Casane, I am heere,
But yet I see their liues, and make them shauer.
Pe peritie Kings of Turkie, I am come
As Hector did into the Grecian campe,
To ouerdare the pride of Grecia,
And set his warlike person to the victorie
Of fierce Achilles in all of his fame.
I doe you honour in the Simile.

For if I should as Hector did Achilles,
(The worthiest Knight that ever brandisht sword)
Challenge in combat any of you all,
I see how fearefully ye would refuse
And fly my glorie, as from a scorpion.

Orc. Now thou art fearefull of thy armies strength,
Thou wouldst with our match of person fight.
But Shepheards issue, beate heere Tamburlaine,
Whose end thy end this sword shall touch.

Tam. Villaine, the Shepheards issue, at whose birth
Heaven did afford a gentians aspect,
and loyd those stars that shall be opposite,

Even

The Conquests of Tamburlaine

Euen till the dissolution of the the world, shall not
 And neuer ment to make a Conqueror,
 So famous as the mightie Tamburlaine,
 Shall so torment thee and that Callepine,
 That like a rogish runaway, suborned
 That villaine there, that slave, that Turkish Dog,
 To false his seruice to his Soueraigne,
 As ye shall curse the birth of Tamburlaine.

Cal. Kille not proud Scythian, I shall now reuenge,
 My fathers vile abuses, and mine owne.

Ier. By Mahomet he shall be tyed in chaines,
 Rowing with Chistians in a Briggandine,

About the Grecian Isles to rob and spoyle,
 And turne him to his ancient trade againe.
 He thinks the slave should make a lusty theefe.

Cal. Nay, when battell endes, all we will meete,
 and sit in counsell to ment some paine,
 That mooste may bere his bodie and his soule.

Tam. Sircha, Callapine, He hangs a dog about your neck
 for running away againe, you shall not trouble me this to
 come and fetch you.

But as for you (Viceroy) you shall haue bits,
 And harnesse like my horses, vnto my Coach,
 And when ye stay, be lashed with whips of iuyce,
 He haue you learne to seene on psonerers,
 and in a stable lie vpon the planks.

Orc. But Tamburlaine, first shalt thou kneele to vs,
 and humbly craue a pardon for thy life.

Treb. The common Souldiours of our mightie host,
 Shall bring thee bound vnto our generals tent.

Sor. And all haue ioyntly sworne the cruell death,
 To binde thee in eternall torments.

Tam. Well sir, yet your selues, you know, I shall haue
 occasion shortly to iourney you.

Cel. See father, how Almeda the Taylour looks vpon
 vs?

Tam. Villaine,

the Scythian Shepheard.

Tam. Villaine, Traytor, damned fugitive,
 Ile make thee with the earth be swallowed thee,
 Seest thou not death within my wrathfull looks?
 Goe villaine, cast thee headlong from a rocke,
 Or rip thy bowels, or rend out thy heart,
 I appease my wrath, or else Ile torture thee,
 Bearing thy hatefull flesh with burning yrons,
 And drops of scalding leade, while all thy ioyntes,
 Be cackt and beate a sunder with the wheele,
 For if thou liuest, not any Clement
 Shall shroud thee from the wrath of Tamburlaine.

Cal. Well in despite of thee he shall bee King:
 Come Almeda receiue this crowne of me,
 I heere inuest thee king of Ariadan,
 Bozdering on Mare Roso nere to Mecca.

Orc. What, take it man?

Alm. Good my Lord let me take it.

Cal. Dooest thou aske him leave? Hee take it.

Tamb. Goe sirra, take your Crowne, and make vp the
 halfe dozen.

So sirra now you are a king, you must giue armes.

Orc. So he shall, and wear the head in his scutcheon.

Tam. No, let him hang a bunch of keyes on his standard
 to put him in remembrance he was a Traylor, that when I
 take him, I may knocke out his braines with them, and
 locke you in the stable, when you shall come sweating from
 my Chariot.

Treb. Away, let vs to the field, that the villaine may be
 slaine:

Tam. Sirra, prepare to hys, and bring my Chariot to
 my tent: For as soone as the battell is done, Ile ride in
 triumph through the Camp.

Enter Theridamas, Techelles, and their traine.
 How now ye pettie kings, loe, heere are Kings
 We will make the haire stand upright on your heads,

The Conquests of Tamburlaine

And cast your Crownes in slavery at their feet,
Welcome Theridamus and Techelles both,
See ye this rout, and know you this same King.

Ther. I my Lord, he was Calpines keeper.

Tam. Well now you see he is a King, looke to him, The
ridamas, when we are fighting, least hee hide his Crowne,
as the foolish King of Persia did.

Sor. No, Tamburlaine, he shall not be put to that en-
gent I warrant thee.

Tam. You know not sir,
But now my followers and my loving friends,
Fight as you ever did like Conquerors,

The glorie of this happie day is yours,

My sterne aspects shall make faire victory,

Houering betwixt our armies, light on me,

Laden with Laurel wreathes to crowne us all,

Tech. I smile to thinke how when this field is fought

And rich Nacolia ours, our men shall sweate

With carrying Pearle and treasure on their backs.

Tam. You shall be Princes all immediately:

Come fight ye Turkes, or yeeloe vs by force.

Or. No, we will meete therewith Tamburlaine.

Exeunt.

Actus 4. Scena. 2.

Alamer Amyras and Celebinus issues from the tent where

Calphas sits a sleepe.

Now in their glories shine the Golden crownes,

Of these proud Turkes, much like to many Sunnes,

That halfe dismay the Palace of heauen:

Now Brother, followe we our Fathers sword,

That flies with force swifter then our thoughtes,

and cuts downe Armies with his conquering wings.

Cel. Call forth our laye Brother from the tent,

For if my Father misse him in the field,

Worth

on the Scythian Shepheard.

Wrath kindled in the furnace of his brest,
Will send a deadly lightning to his heart.

Amy. Brother, ho, what, given so much to sleepe,
Can you not leaue it, when our enemies Dymme,
And rattling Canons thumber in our eares
Our proper ruine, and our Fathers toyle?

Cal. Away ye fooles, my Father needes not me,
For you in faith, but that you will be thought
More childish, baloones, then manly wise!
If halfe our Campe should sit and sleepe with me,
My Father were enough to scatte the foe,
You doe dishonour to his Spicillie,
To thinke our helper will see him any good.

Amy. What, dar'st thou then be absent from the fight,
Knowing my Father hates thy cowardize,
and oft hath warn'd thee to be still in field,
When he himselfe amidst the thickest troopes,
Beates downe our foes, to flesh our taintlesse swordes,

Cal. I know sir, what it is to kill a man,
It workes remorse of conscience in me,
I take no pleasure to be murderous,
For care for blood, when will it quench my thirst.

Cel. O cowardly boy, fie for shame, come forth,
Thou doost dishonour manhood and thy house,

Cal. Go, go, tall stripling, fight you for be both,
and take my other sword brother deere,
For person like to prove a second Mars,
I will please my minde as well to heare you both,
Hane won a heape of honor in the field,
and left your slender catkasses behind,
as if I lay with you for company,

Amy. You will not goe then?

Cal. You say true.

Amy. Were all the lottie mountes of Zora Mandi,
That fill the midst of farthest Tartarie,
Turn'd into pearle, and proffered for my pay,

I would

The Conquests of Tamburlaine

I would not bide the forie of my father: I would I might
when made a victor in these hantie armes, and I would I might
he comes: findes his Sones hane had no shares
In all the honours he proposde for vs.

Cal. Take you the honoꝛ, I will take my ease,
My wisdome shall excuse my cowardize:
I goe into the field before I neede.

Alarmer and Amy, and Celebrunne
The Bullets flie at randome where they list,
and I should goe and kill a thousand men,
I were as soone rewarded with a shot,
and sooner farre then he that neuer fights:
and should I goe and doe no harme nor good,
I might haue harme, which all the good I haue
Ioynd with my fathers crowne wold neuer cure,
Ile to Cardes, Perdicas:

Per. Heere my Lord.

Cal. Come, thou and I will goe to Cardes, to dyne a
way the time.

Per. Content my Lord, but what shall we play for?

Cal. Who shall kille the fairest of the Turkes con-
bines first, when my father hath conquered them.

Per. Agreed yfaith.

They play.
Cal. They say I am a coward (Perdicas) and I feare as
little their tara tantaras, their swordes or their Canons, as
I doe a naked Lady in a net of Golde, and for feare I shold
be affraide, would put it off and come to bed with me.

Per. Such a feare my Lord, would neuer make me retire.

Cal. I would my father would let me bee put in the front
of such a battell once, to trie my valour,

Alarmer
What a coyle they keepe, I beleene there will be some hurt
done anon amongst them.

in the Scythian Shepheard. IT

Enter Tamburlaine, Theridimas, Techelles, Vemicafane,
Amyras, Celebinus, leading the Turkish Kings.

Tam. See now my slaves, my Childre floures your pride,
And leades your glories sheepe-like to the sword:
Bring them my boyes, and tell me if the warres on earth
Be not a life that may illustrate Gods,
and tickle not your spirits with desire,
Still to be trauell in armes and chivalrie.

Amy. Shal we let goe these things againe my Lord,
To gather greater numbers against our power,
That they may say, it is not chance doth this,
But matchlesse strength and magnanimities.

Tam. No, no, Amyras tempt not fortune so, nor I
Cherrish thy valour still with fresh supplies,
and glut it not with stale and daunted foes,
But wheres this coward, villaine, not my Sonne,
But Traytor to my name and Palestine.

He goes in and brings him out an Image
Image of sloath, and picture of a slave,
The oblique and scoone of my reason,
How may my heart thus fiered with mine eyes
Wounded with shame, and killd with discontent,
Shroud any thought may hold my stinging handes,
From martiall iustice on the watched soule.

Ther. Yet pardon him, I pray your Palestine,
Tech. and Vemic. Let all of vs intreate your Highnesse
pardon.

Tam. Stand vp, ye base but nobleouldiers,
know ye not yet the argument of armes,

Amy. Good my Lord, let him be forgiven for once,
and we will force him to the field hereafter.

Tam. Stand vp my boyes, and I will teach you armes,
and what the ieaousie of loves must doe
In Samarcanda, where I breathed first.

The Conquests of Tamburlaine

And loy'd the fire of this materiall flesh,
Blush, bluish faire Ettie, at thy honours soyle,
and shame of nature with Laertes beame,
Embracing thee with deepest of his loue,
Can neuer wash from thy distained bymes,
Here loue, receiues his fainting soule againe,
a forme not meete to glue that subiect essence,
Whose matter is the flesh of Tamburlaine,
Wherein an inco:pozall spirit mooues,
Made of the mould whereof thy selfe consistes,
which makes me valiant, proud, ambitious,
Ready to leuie power against thy throne,
That I might moue the turning of heauen,
For earth, and all this aery Region
Cannot containe the state of Tamburlaine,
By Mahomet thy mightie friend I sweate,
In sending to my issue such a soule,
Created of the massy dregs of earth,
The scum and tatter of the Elements,
Wherein was neither courage, strength or loft
But folly, sloath, and damned idleness,
thou hast proctur'd a greater enemy,
Then he that started mountaines at thy head,
Shaking the burthen mightie Atlas beate,
Wher at thou trembling stood thee in the ayre,
Cloath'd with a pitchy cloud for boeing scene,
and now ye cankred current of Asia,
What wilt not see the strength of Tamburlaine
although it shine as brightly as the Sunne,
Now shall ye see the strength of Tamburlaine
and by the state of his supremacy,
approoue the difference betwixt himselfe and you.
Orc. When shal I see the difference betwixt our selves and
In this the barbarous damned strait.
Ier. Why vniuerses are growne so violent,
That shortly heauen, will be the meteo:rs

the Scythian Shepherd. 211

Of blood and fire thy tyrannies haue made:
Will poure downe blood and fire on thy head:
Whose scalding drops will pierce thy seething braines,
And with our bloods, reuenge our bloods on thee.

Tam. Willaine these terrozs and these tyrannies,
(If tyrannies warres iustice ye repute,)

I execute, ensoyn'd me from above:

To scourge the pride of such as heauen abhorres,

For am I made Archmonarke of the world,

Crown'd and inuested by the hand of Ioue,

For deedes of bounty or nobilitie:

But since I exercise a greater name,

The scourge of God, and terroz of the world,

I must apply my selfe to fit those fearmes,

In war, in blood, in death, in crueltie.

And plague such parlants as resisting me,

The power of heauens eternall maiestie,

Theridamas, Techelles, and Casane,

Kansacke the tents and the Pauillions,

Of these proud Turks, and take their concubines,

Making them bury this effeminate brat,

For not a common Souldiour shall defile,

His manly fingers with so faint a boy.

Then bring those Turkish Harlots to my Tent,

And ile dispose them as it likes me best,

Meane while take him in.

Soul. We will my Lord.

Ier. A damned monster, nay a fiend of hell,

Whose cruelties are not so harsh as thine,

For yet impos'd with such a bitter hate,

Orc. Reuenge Radamanth and Eacus,

And let your hates extend in his paines,

Erpel the hate wherwith he paines our soules.

Treb. May neuer day giue vertue to his eyes,

Whose sight compoſe of furie, and of fire,

Dooth send such fierce affections to his heart,

Sor. May

The Conquests of Tamburlaine

Sor. May neuer spirit, baine or Artier seede
 The cursed substance of that cruell heart,
 But (wanting moysture and remorsefull blood)
 Dry vp with anger, and consume with heate.
 Tam. Well, barke ye Dogs, ile brydle all your tongues,
 and binde them close with bits of burnisht Steele,
 Downe to the channells of your hatefull throates,
 And with the paines my rigour shall inflict,
 Ile make you roze, that earth may echoe sooth
 The farre resounding tozments ye sustaine,
 As when an heard of lustie Cymbrian Wols
 Runne mourning round about, the females misse,
 And stung with furie of their following,
 Fill all the ayre with troublous bellowing.
 I will with engines neuer exercise,
 Conquer, sacke, and betterly consume
 Your Citties, and your golden Pallaces,
 and with the flames that beate against the cloudes,
 Incense the heauens, and make the stars to melt,
 As if they were the teares of Mahomet.
 For hot consumption of his countries pride
 and till by vision, or by speech I heare
 Immortall loue say, cease my Tamburlaine,
 I will persist a terror to the world,
 Making the Meteors, that like armed men,
 are seene to march vpon the Towers of heauen
 Runne tilting round about the firmament,
 And bzeake their burning Lances in the ayre,
 For hono^r of my wondrous victozies.
 Come bzing them into our panilion. Exeunt.

Actus. 4. Scena. 3.

Olympia alone.

Distress Olympia, whole weeping eyes,
 Since thy arrivall heere beholde no Sun,
 But close within the compasse of a tent,

hach

the Scythian Shepherd.

hath stain'd thy cheekes, and made thee looke like death,
 Deuise some meanes to rid thee of thy life,
 Rather then yeeld to his detested suite,
 Whose dytt is onely to dishonour thee,
 And since this earth, dew'd with thy brinish teares,
 Affordes no hearches, whose taste may poyson thee,
 For yet this aire, beate often with thy sighes,
 Contagious smells, and vapors to infect thee,
 For thy close eare a sword to murder thee,
 Let this inuention be the instrument.

Enter Theridamas.

Ther. Well met Olympia. I sought thee in my tent,
 But when I saw the place obscure and darke,
 Which with thy beantie thou wast wont to light,
 Enrag'd, I ran about the fieldes for thee,
 Supposing amorous Ioue had sent his Sonne,
 The winged Herries to conuey thee hither,
 But now I finde thee, and that feare is past.
 Tell me Olympia, wilt thou graunt my sute?

Olim. My L. and husbands death with my sweet Sonne
 With whome I buryed all affections,
 Same grieve and sorrow which torment my heart,
 Forbids my minde to entertaine a thought,
 That tends to lone but meditate on death,
 A fitter subiect for a pensive soule.

Ther. Olympia, pittie him, in whom thy looke,
 Hane greater operation and more force,
 Then Cinthias in the watery wilderness,
 For with thy becke my loyes are at the full,
 And ebbe againe as thou departst from me.

Olim. Ah, pittie me my Lord, and wate your stoord
 Making a passage for my troubled soule
 Which beates against this prison to get out,
 And meete my husband and my louing Sonne.

Ther. Nothing but fill thy husband and thy Sonne
 Leane this my loue, and listen more to me.

The Conquests of Tamburlaine

Thou shalt be stately Queene of faire Argier,
 and cloath'd in costly cloath of massy golde,
 Upon the marble turrets of my court,
 Sit like to Venus in her chaire of state:
 Commanding all thy principall officers,
 And I will easie off armes and sit with thee,
 Spending my life in sweete discourse of love.

Olym. No such discourse is pleasant to mine eares,
 But that where euerie period endes with death,
 and euerie line begins with death againe,
 I cannot loue to be an Emperesse.

Ther. Nay Lady, then if nothing will preuaile,
 I'll vse some other meanes to make you yield,
 Such is the suddaine furie of my loue,
 I must and will be please'd, and you shall yield.
 Come to the tent againe.

Olym. Stay good my Lord, if you will send my hono-
 I'll giue your Grace a present of such price,
 As all the world cannot afford the like.

Ther. What is that which you haue to offer?
 Olym. An oylment which a channing Alchemist,
 Distilled from the purest Balsamum,
 and simplest extractts of all Minerals,
 In which the essentiall forme of sparke of fire,
 Tempered by science metaphisicall,
 and spels of Magick from the mouthes of spirits,

With which if you but point your tender skinne,
 Your Pistol, sword, or lance can pierce your flesh.
 Ther. Why should I thinke you to make me thus im-
 pable.

Olym. To proue it I will point my naked thigh,
 Which when you shall looke on your weapons point,
 and you shall see't rebated with the blessing.

Ther. Why haue you not your husband some of it,
 you loued him as if he were a god?

Olym. My purpose was my love, to spend it on him,
 But

the Scythian Shepherd

But was prevented by his sudden end,
and for a present vaine proofe hereof,
What I dissemble not, trie it on me.

Ther. I will Olympia, and will keepe it so,
The richest present of this Carthage world.
She points her throat.

Olym. Now stab my Loz & make your weapons point
That will be blunted, if the blow be great,

Ther. Here then Olimpia,
What, haue I slaine here Villaine, stab thy selfe
Cut off this arme that murder'd my Loner
In whome the learned Rabbies of this age
Might finde as many wondrous miracles,
as in the Theoria of the world,
Now hell is safer then Elizian,
a greater Lampe then that bright eye of heauen,
From whence the Stars doe borrow all their light,
Wanders about the blacke circumference,
and now the damned soules are free from paine,
For euerie furie gazeth on her lookes,
Infernal Dis is courting of my loz,
Inuenting maskes and statelie bowes for her,
Opening the vories of his rich treasure,
To entertaine this Queene of chastitie:
whose body shall be tomb'd with all the pompe
The treasure of my Kingdome may afford.

Exit Taking her away.

Enter Tamburlaine

Tamburlaine drawne in his Chariot by Trebizon & So-
ria, with bits in their mouthes, reines in his left hand, in his
right had a whip, with which he scourgeth the, Tech. Ther.
Vsum. Amyras, Celeb. Natolia & Tenuale led by five or
sixe common Soules.

The Conquests of Tamburlaine

Holla, ye pampered Jades of Asia,
 What can ye draw but twenty miles a day,
 And haue so proud a Chariot at your heeles,
 and such a Coach-man as great Tamburlaine?
 But from Asphaltes, where I conquered you,
 To Byron heere where thus I honor you?
 The horse that guide the golden eye of heauen,
 and blow the morning from their nostrils,
 Making their fierie gate above the cloudes,
 are not so honored as their Governour,
 as you (ye slaves) in mighty Tamburlaine.
 The head strong Jades of Thrace, Alcides sonne,
 That King Egeus fed with humane flesh,
 And made so wanton that they knew their strengthes,
 Were not subdued with ballour more diuine,
 Then you by this vnconquered arme of mine,
 To make you ferce and fit my appetite,
 You shall be fed with flesh as raw as blood,
 And drinke in pailles the strongest Muscadell:
 If you can live with it, then live and draw,
 My chariot swifter then the racking cloudes:
 If not, then dislike beastes and sit for nought,
 But perches for the blacke and fatall fowles.
 Thus am I right the scourge of highest Ioue,
 And see the figure of my dignitie,
 By which I hold my name and maiestie.

Amy. Let me haue a coach my Lord, that I may ride
 And thus be drawne by these two idle things.

Tam. Thy youth forbids such ease my kingly boy,
 They shall to morrow draw my Chariot,
 While these their fellow Kings may be refreshed.

Orc. O thou that swapest the region vnder earth,
 and art a King as absolute as Ioue,
 Come as thou dost in fruitful Sicillie,
 Surueying all the glories of the land,
 And as thou took'st the faire Proserpine,

the Scythian Shepherd.

Joying the fruits of Ceres garden plot,
For love, for honor, and to make her Queene,
So for iust hate, for shame, and to subdue
This proud contemner of thy dreadfull power.
Come once in furie and surer his pride,
Haling him headlong to the lowest hell.

Ther. Your Maestie must get some bits for these,
To b2ole their contemptuous cursing tongues,
What like vnruly neuer broken Jades,
B2eake through the hedges of their hatefull mouthes,
And passe their fured bounds exceedingly.

Tech. Nay, we will b2eake the hedges of their mouthes,
and pull their kicking colts out of their pastures.

Vsum. Your Maestie already hath deuised
a meane, as fit as may be to restraine
These coltish roch-horse tongues from blasphemy.

Cel. How like you that sir King? why speake you not?

Ier. ah cruell What, sprung from a Tyrants loynes
How like his cursed Father he begins
To practise tannes and bitter tyrannies?

Tam. I Turke. I tell thee, this boy is he,
That must (aduaunc'd in higher pompe then this)
Kisse the Kingdomes I shall leave unsack't:
If Ioue esteeming me too good for earth,
Kisse me to march the faire Aldeboran,
about the threesfold Arcadisme of heauen,
Before I conquer all the triple world.
Now fetch me out the Turkish Concubines,
I will prefer them for the funerall
They haue bestowed on my aboztue Sonne,

The Concubines are brought in.

Where are my common Souldiours now that fought,
So Lion-like vpon Asphalus plaines?

Soul. Here my Lord.

Tam. Hold ye tall Souldiers, take ye Queenes speere
(I meane such Queenes as were Kings Concubines)

Take

The Conquests of Tamburlaine

Take them denide them, and their Jewels too,
And let them equally serue all your turnes.

Soul. We thanke your Maiestie,

Tam. W^{ch} a wile not (I warne you) for your lecherie,
For euerie man that so offends shall die.

Orc. In iurious Tyrant wilt thou so defame
The hatefull fortunes of thy victorie,

To erect it vpon such guiltlesse Dames,

The violence of thy common Souldiours lust?

Tam. Liue content then ye slaves, and meete not me,
With troopes of Varlets at your heathfull betles.

Lad. O pittie vs my Lord, and saue our honours.

Tam. Are ye not gone ye villaines, with your spoiles?

They runne away with the Ladies.

Ier. O mercilesse infernall crueltie.

Tam. Saue your honours? were but time indeede,
Lost long before you knew what honour ment.

Ther. It seemes they meant to conquer vs my Lord,
and make vs iesting Pageants for their Trulles.

Tam. and now themselves shall make our Pageant,
and common Souldiours iest with all their trulles,

Let them take pleasure soundly in their spoiles;

Will we prepare our march to Babilon,

Whether we next make expedition.

Tech. Let vs not be idle then my Lord,

But presently be prest to conquer it.

Tam. We will Techelles, forward then ye Jades,

Now crowch ye Kings of greatest Asia,

and tremble when ye heare this scourge will come,

That whips downe Cities, and controlleth crownes,

adding their wealth and treasure to my store.

The Euxine sea north to Natolia,

The terrene West, the Caspian North northeast,

and on the South Senus Arabicus,

shall be laden with the martiall spoiles.

We will conuey with vs to Persia.

Then

continent

the Scythian Shepherd

When shall my nation this Samarcanda,
and Chyissall townes of such Lacies become,
The pride and beguile of her princely seate,
We famous through the furthest Continents,
For there my pallace royall shall be plac'd:
Whose shining turrets shall dismay the heauens,
and cast the same of Lions Colours to hell,
e through the streets with troopes of conquered Kings,
Ile ride in Golden armour like the sunne,
and in my helme a triple plume shall spring,
Spangled with Diamonds dawning in the ayre,
To note me Emperour of the three fold world,
Like to an Almond tree ymounted high,
Upon the lofty and celestiall mount,
Of euerie greene Soliman quaintly meet,
With bloomes more white than Hericinas brydes,
Whose tender blossoms tremble euerie one,
at euerie little breath from heauen in blowes:
Then in my coachlike Saturns royall throne,
Mounted his shining Charlots gilt with fire,
and drawne with Princely Eagles through the path,
Ile goe with bright Chyissall, and my way with care,
When all the Gods stand gazing at his pompe:
So will I ride through Samarcanda streets,
Untill my soule disencumbered from this flesh,
Shall mount the milke white way, and waite him there,
To Babylon my Lords, to Babylon.

Finis Actus quarti.

Act 1. Scene 1.

Enter the Gougoum of Babylon upon the walls,

Gov. **W**hat faith Maximilian
Adm. **S**ay that the men of the sea are both

②

The Conquests of Tamburlaine

O hold our cittie from the Conquerors hands,
Then hang our flags my Lord, of humble truce,
and satisfie the peoples generall prayers,
That Tamburlaines intollerable wrath
May be suppress by our submission.

Go. Villaine, respects thou more thy flauish life,
Then hono^r of thy countrie o^r thy name?
Is not my life and state as deere to me,
The Cittie and my native countries weale,
as any thing in price with thy conceit?
Haue we not hope so; all our battered walles,
To line secure, and keepe his forces out?
When this our famous lake of Limnasphaltis,
makes walles a flesh with every thing y^e falles
Into the liquid substance of his streame,
More strong then are the gates of death o^r hell:
What faintnesse should dismay our courages,
When we are thus defend'd against our foe,
and haue no terro^r but his threating looks.

Enter another kneeling to the Gouverneur.

My Lord, if euer you did deede of ruth,
and now will worke a refuge to our liues,
Offer submission, hang by flags of truce,
That Tamburlaine may pittie our distresse,
and be vs like a louing conqueror,
Though this be held his last daies dreadfull sledge,
Wherewith he spareth neither man no^r childe,
Yet are there Christians of Georgia heere,
Whose state he euer pittied and reliev'd,
Will get his pardon if your grace would send.

Gou. How is my soule enuironed
And this eterniz'd city Babylon,
Fill'd with a packe of faint heart fugitives?
That thus intreate their shame and seruitude?

Another. My Lord if euer you will win our hearts,
Yeeld by the towne, and save our liues and Chilodren.

the Scythian Shepheard.

For I will cast my selfe from off these walles,
To some death of quickest violence,
Before I bide the wrath of Tamburlaine.

Gou. Villaines, cowards, Traytors to our State,
Fall to the earth, and pierce the pit of hell,
That legions of tormenting spirits may bere,
Your stamish bosomes with continuall paines,
I care not, nor the towne will neuer yeeld,
As long as any life is in my breast.

Enter Theridimas and Techelles, with others

Souldiers.

Thou desperate Gouernour of Babilon,
To save thy life and be a little labour,
Yeeld speedily the city to our hands,
Or else be sure thou shalt be forc'd with paines,
More exquisite then ever Traytor felt.

Gou. I praynt, I turne the Traytor in thy throat,
And will defend it in despite of thee.

Call vp the Souldiours to defend these walles.

Tech. Yeeld foolish Gouernour, we offer more
Then euer yet we did to such proud stanes,
As durst resist vs till our third daies sieges,
Thou seest vs prest to giue the last assault
and that shall bide no more regard of parle.

Go. Assault and spare not, wee will neuer yeeld,
Alarime, and they scale the walles.

Enter Tamburlaine, with Vsumcasane, Amyras, and Cebus,
binus, with others, the two spare Kings.

Tam. The stately buildings of faire Babylon,
Whose loftie pillars, higher then the cloudes,
Were wont to guide the seaman in the deepe,
Being carryed thether by the Canons force,
Now fill the mouth of Linnaephales lake,
And make a bridge vnto the battered walls,
Where Belus, Ninus, and great Alexander

The Conquest of Tamburlaine

Have rode in triumph, in triumph
Whose Chariot was drawn by many oxen,
Drawne with the strongest horses,
Now in the conquest of the world,
Courtied by Kings and Princes of Asia,
Hath trode the world under his feet,
and in the streets of the great City of Babylon,
Have rid in pompe, in triumph,
With furious words and threatening looks,
By his fierce words and threatening looks,
Enter Theridamas and Tachmesar bringing the Governour
of Babylon.

Who have ye there my Lord?

Ther. The sturdy Governour of Babylon,
That made the world his subject,
and of such slender standing is your Lordship.

Tam. O Governour, the world is yours, and you are mine.

Upon the ruins of this conquered world,

Birtha, the best of the world, is now,

Which the world is now, is now the world,

Perth underneath the ground of the world,

Where full of Conquest, and of bloody wars,

Whose flaming trail, and of bloody wars,

Could not affright you, nor of my little

The world, and of my little

That with his sword, and of my little

Could not persuade you to submission:

Should I but touch the gates of you,

the triple headed Cerberus would howle,

and make blacke you, and of my little

But I have sent you, and of my little

Yet could not enter the gates of you,

Go. For if my sword could enter the gates of you,

Shouldst thou have suffered cruel Tachmesar,

It is not thy bloody sword can make me blacke,

For yet thy selfe, the world is yours,

the Seythian Shepherds

For though the common shepherds the wolves,
My heart did neuer quake, of avenge I hunt,

Tam. Well then let me make it quicke, god vnto him be,
Hanging him vpon his chaine vpon the Citie walles,
And let my seruants thrust the same to death:

Go. While I stander, some of these infernall fiends
and sent from hell to torment the dead,

How art thou too? mayest thou Tam. I am a fiend,
To torture of paine will I make my seruants mine.

Tam. Well then, god then, his body shall be sent to

Go. But Tam. I am a fiend, for I am a fiend, I am

There lies more gold then Babylon is worth,

Which when the Citie was besieged, I did,

Save but my life, and I will give it thee.

Tam. What for all your bladders, you would have your life,
Where about lies it?

Go. Under a horse, I am a fiend, right opposite
against the Westerne gate of Babylon.

Tam. Goe this way, I am a fiend, and take his gold,
The rest forwarde with expedition.

Away with him hence, for he speaks no more,

I thinke I am a fiend, I am a fiend, I am a fiend,

When this is done, I am a fiend, I am a fiend, I am a fiend,

and make our greatest game of Perse,

These Jades are I am a fiend, I am a fiend, I am a fiend,

Unharnesse them, and let me have freely,

So now their blood is on my hands,

Take them and hang them vpon the walles.

Tam. I am a fiend, I am a fiend, I am a fiend, I am a fiend,

Tam. Take them away Theridamas, see them dispatche,

Then I will my way.

Tam. Come Asian I am a fiend, I am a fiend, I am a fiend,

And take such as you will, I am a fiend, I am a fiend, I am a fiend,

Orc. I am a fiend, I am a fiend, I am a fiend, I am a fiend,

Rather then we should be I am a fiend, I am a fiend, I am a fiend,

and like base slaves about our prince I am a fiend, I am a fiend, I am a fiend,

To vile and I am a fiend, I am a fiend, I am a fiend, I am a fiend,

The Conquests of Tamburlaine

Ier. Rather lend me thy weapon Tamburlaine,
That I may sheath it in this brest of mine,
A thousand deathes could not torment our hearts,
More then the thought of this doth bere our soules. (thent)
Amy. They will talke still my Lord, if you doe not bytelle
Tam. Bytelle them, and let me to my coach.

They bridle them.

Amy. See now my Lord, how braue the captaine hangs.
Tam. 'Tis braue indeed my boy, well done,
Shoote first my Lord, and then the rest shall follow.
Ther. When haue at him to begin withall.

Theridamas shootes.

Go. Yet saue my life, and let this wound appease,
The mortall furie of great Tamburlaine.

Tam. No, though Asphaltis lake were liquid Golde,
and offered me as ransome for thy life,
Yet sholdst thou die: shoote at him al at once.

They shoote.

So now he hangs like Badgers gouernour,
Hauing as many Bullets in his flesh,

As there be breaches in her battered wall.

Goe now and binde the Burghers hand and foot,
and cast them headlong in the citties lake:

Tartars and Persians shall inhabite there,

And to commaund the Cittie I will build,

A Cytadell, that all Africa

Which hath bin subiect to the Persian King,

Shall pay me tribute for, in Babilon.

Tech. What shall be done with their wines and children
my Lord?

Tam. Techelles do stone them all, man, woman, & Child
Leaue not a Babylonian in the towne.

Tech. I will about it straight: come wouldsours.

Tam. Now Casane, wher's the Turkish Alcaron,

And all the heapes of superstitious Bookes,

Found in the Temples of that Mahomet,

Whome I haue thought a God, they shall be burnt.

Cal. Ford

the Scythian Shepherd.

Cas. Here they are my Lord.

Tam. Well said, let there be a fire presently,
In vaine I see men worship Mahomet:
My sword hath sent millions of Turks to hell,
Slew all his prestes, his kinsmen and his friends,
and yet I live untouched by Mahomet:
There is a God full of reuenging wrath,
From whome the thunder and the lightning breakes,
Whose scourge I am, and him I will obey.
So Casane, sling them in the fire.

Now Mahomet if thou haue any power,
Come downe thy selfe and worke a miracle,
Thou art not worthy to be worshipped,
That suffers flames of fire to burne the wight,
Wherein the summe of thy Religion rests:
Why sends thou not a furious whirlwinde downe,
To blow thy Alcoran by to thy thronne,
Where men report thou sits by God himselfe,
O vengeance on the blood of Tamburlaine,
That shakes his sword against thy Palestine:
and spurns the Abstracts of thy foolish lawes.
Well shouldst thou, Mahomet remaines in hell,
He cannot heare the voice of Tamburlaine:
Seek out another God-head to adore,
The God that sits in heauen, if any God,
For he is God alone, and none but he.

Tech. I haue fulfilled your highnesse will my Lord,
Thousands of men drown'd in Asphalts lake,
Hane made the water swell above the banks,
and fishes feede by humane carcases,
Amaz'd swim vp and downe the waves,
As when they swallow Asafrida,
which makes them steele aloft and gaspe for airt.
Tam. Well then my friendly Lords, what will remaine,
But that we leaue sufficient garrison
and presently depart to Persia,
To triumph after all our victories.

The Conquests of Tamburlaine

Ther. I, good my Lord, let us haste to Persia,
And let this Captaine be remoou'd the walles,
To some high hill about the citie heere.

Tam. Let it be so, about it Doubtlesse:
But stay, I feele my selfe distemper'd suddenly.

Tech. What is it that does distemper Tamaburlaine?

Tam. Something Techelles, but I know not what,
But sooth ye Walsals, what soeuer it be,
Sicknes or death can neuer conquer me.

Exeunt.

Actus. 5. Scena. 4.

Enter Callapine. Amasia, with Drums and Trumpets.

Cal. **K**ing of Amasia, now our mightie hoste,
Marcheth in Asia maior, where the streames,
Of Euphrates and Tygris swiftly run,
And heere we may beholde great Babylon,
Circled about with Limnaphalcis lake,
Where Tamburlaine with all his armie lies,
Which being faint and weary with the siege,
We may lie ready to encounter him,
Before his hoste be fall from Babylon,
And so reuenge our latest grieuous losse,
If God or Mahomet send any ayde.

Ama. Doubt not my Lord, but we shall conquer him,
The monster that hath drunk a sea of blood,
And yet gapes still for more to quench his thirst:
Our Turkish swords shall headlong send to hel
And that vile carcase by warres Rages,
The foules shall eate: for neuer sepulchre
Shall grace that base borne Tyant Tamburlaine.

Cal. When I recorde my Parents slauiish life,
Their cruel death, mine owne captivity,
My Viceroyes bondage vnder Tamburlaine,
He thinks I could not aue a thousand reuenges,
To be reueng'd of all his villanie.
Oh sacred Mahomet, thou that hast sate
Millions of Turkes perrish by Tamburlaine,
Kingdomes made waste by his cruell hand,

And

the Scythian Shepherd

And but one hoste is left to honour thee,
 And thy obedient servant Callapine,
 And make him after all these overthrowes,
 To triumph over cursed Tamburlaine.

Ama. Feare not my Lord, I see great Mahomet,
 Cloathed in purple cloudes, and on his head,
 A Chaplet brighter then Apollos Crowne,
 Marching about the ayre with armed men,
 To toyne with you against this Tamburlaine.
 Renowned Generall, mightie Callapine,
 Though God himselfe and holy Mahomet,
 Should come in person to resist your power,
 Yet might your mightie hoste encounter all,
 and pull proud Tamburlaine upon his knees,
 To sue for mercy at your highnesse feete.

Cal. Captaine, the force of Tamburlaine is great,
 His fortune greater, and the victories
 wherewith he hath so sore dismayd the world,
 are greatest to discourage all our wylles:
 Yet when the pride of Cinthia is at fall,
 She waines againe, and so shall his I hope.
 For we have heere the cheefe selected men,
 Of twentie severall kingdomes at the least,
 For Plowman, p'sent, for Marchant shales at home,
 All Turkie is in armes with Callapine:
 And never will we suffer Campes and armes,
 Before himselfe or his be conquered.
 This is the time that must eternize me,
 For conquering the Tyrant of the world.
 Come Souldiers, let us lie in waite for him,
 And if we finde him absent from his Campe,
 Or that it be relap'd againe at fall,
 Assault it and be sure of victory.

Exit

Actus. 5. Scena. 6.

Theridamas, Techeller, Vlumeasane.

WCepe beavenes, and vently into liquid teares,
 Fall downe that governe his naturall:

The Conquests of Tamburlaine

And summon all the shining lamps of beaven, and bid em
To cast their bootlesse fires to the earth, and do yet one
and shed their feeble influence in the ayre, and shew em
Howe your beauties with eternall cloudes, and shew em
For hell and darknesse pitch their pitchie tents,
and death with armies of Cymorian spirits,
Gins battell gainst the heart of Tamburlaine.
Now in defiance of that wonted loue,
Your sacred vertues pour'd upon his throne,
and made his state an honour to the heavens,
These cowards inuisible assaile his soule,
and threaten conquest on our Soueraigne,
But if he die, your glories are disgrac'd,
Earth droops and sapes that hell in beaven is plac'd.

Tech. O then ye powers that sway eternall seates,
and guide this massy substance of the earth,
If you retaine desert of holinesse,
as your supreme estates instruct our thoughts,
Be not inconstant, carelesse of your same,
Beare not the burthen of your enemies toyes,
Triumphing in his fall whome you aduance,
But as his birth, life, health and Maestie
Were strangely blest, and governed by heauen,
So honour heauen, till heauen dissolved be,
His birth, his life, his health and Maestie.

Cas. Blush heauen to loose the honour of thy name
To see thy footstool set upon thy head,
And let no basenesse in thy haughtie breast,
Sustaine a shame of such inexcellence:
To see the devils mount in Angels thrones,
and Angels drow into the pooles of hell,
and though they thinke their painefull date is out,
and that their power is puissant as Loues,
Which makes them manage armes against thy state,
Yet make them feeble the strength of Tamburlaine,
Thy instrument and note of maestie,
Is greater farre then they can thus subdue.

the Scythian Shepheard.

For if he die, thy glorie is disgrac'd,
Earth droopes and sayes, that hell in heauen is plac'd.

Tam. What daring God torments my bodie thus,
and seekes to conquer mightie Tamburlaine?
Shall sickness proue me now to be a man,
That haue beene fearm'd the terror of the world?
Techelles and the rest, come take your swords,
and threaten him, whose hand afflicts my soule,
Come let vs march against the powers of heauen,
and set blacke streamers in the firmament,
To signifie the slaughter of the Gods.
Ah friends, what shall I doe, I cannot stand,
Come carry me to war against the Gods,
That thus envie the health of Tamburlaine.

Ther. Ah good my Lord leaue these impatient words,
Which adde much danger to your malady.

Tam. Why shall I sit and languish in this paine,
No, strike the drums and in reuenge
come let vs charge our speares and
Whose shoulders beare the Aris of the world
That if I perrish, heauen and earth may fade
Theridamas, hast to the Court of Ioue,
Will him to send Apollo bether straight,
To cure me, or else fetch him downe my selfe.

Tech. Sit still my gracious Lord, this griefe will cease
and cannot last, it is so violent.

Tam. Not last Techelles no, for I shall die.
See where my slave, the ugly monster Death,
Shaking and quivering, pale and wan for feare,
Stands aiming at me with his murdering dart
Who flies away at euery glaunce I giue,
and when I looke away comes stealing on:
Willaine away, and his thee to the field,
I and mine armie come to load thy backe,
With soles of thousand mangled carbasses
Looke where he goes: but see, he comes againe,
Because I say: Techelles let vs march.

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And wearie death with bearing soules to hell.

Phy. Pleaseth your Maiestie to drinke this potion,

Which will abate the furie of your fit,

and cause some milder spirits governe you.

Tam. Tell me what thinke you of my sicknes now?

Phy. I viewe your Urine, and the Hypostates,

Thicke and obscure, doth make your danger great,

Your vaines are full of accidentall heate,

Whereby the moisture of your blood is dreyed,

The Humidum and Calor, which some hold

Is not a parcell of the Elements,

But of a substance moze divine and pure,

Is almoste cleane extinguished and spent.

Which being the cause of life, imports your death,

Besides, my Lord, this day is Critically

dangerous to those, whose Chyres is as puerile,

your Arteries which along the vaines convey

The lively spirits which the heart engenders,

Are parted and holde of spirit, that the soules

wanting those Organons by which it moves

Cannot endure by argument of art.

Yet if your Maiestie may escape this day,

No doubt but you shall soone recover all.

Tam. When will I comfort all my vitall parts

And live in spite of death above a day?

Alarime within.

Mess. My Lord, young Callapine that lately fled from

your Maiestie, hath now gathered a fresh army,

ring your absence in the field, offers to set up his presence.

Tam. See my Physicians now, how loose hath sent

a present medicine to recure my paine,

My looks shall make them live, and might I follow,

There should not one of all the villaines power,

Live to give offer of an other fight.

Vsum. I hope my Lord, your highnes is so strong,

That can endure to wait your cop all presence,

Which onely will dismay the enemies.

Tam. I

On the Scythian Shepheard.

Tam. I knowe it will Casane: draw you flames,
In spite of death I will goe thro' my face.

Alarm, Tam. goes in, & comes out againe with all the rest.
Thus are the villaines, towards fled for feare,
Like Summers vapors, vanisht by the Sunne:
and could I but a while peruse the field.

What Callapine should be my flane againe.

But I perceiue my martiall strength is spent,

In vaine I strive & call against those powers,

What meane I'innest me in a higher throne,

As much to high for this dishaitefull earth.

Giue me a Map, then let me see how much

Is left for me to conquer all the world,

That these my hopes may finish all my wants.

One brings a Mappe.

Here I began to march towards Persia,

along Armenia and the Caspian Sea,

and thence to Bythinia, where I tooke

The Turk and his great Emp: & his followers,

Then marcht I into Egypt and Arabia,

and heere not farre from Alexandria,

Whereas the Terrene and the sea meete,

Being distant lesse then full a hundred leagues

I meant to cut a channell to them both.

That men might quietly saile to India,

From thence to Nubia neere Borno lake,

And so along the Ethiopian Sea,

Cutting the Tropick line of Capricorne.

I conquered all as farre as Zambiar:

Then by the Northern part of Africa,

I came at last to Greeke, and from thence

To Asia, where I stay against my will.

Which is from Scythia, where I first began,

Backward and so, wards, nere five thousand leagues

I see heere my hopes, see what a world of ground,

Lies westward from the midst of Caners line,

Unto the rising of the earthly Globe,

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Whereas the Sunne declining from our sight,
Begins the day with our Antypodes:
and shall I die, and this unconquered?
Loe heere my Sonnes are all the golden mines,
Inestimable drugs and precious stones,
More worth then Asia and the world beside,
and from th' antartique Pole Eastward, behold,
as much more land, which neuer was descried,
Wherein are Rocks of Pearle, that shine as bright
as all the Lanyes that beautifie the state,
and shall I die, and this unconquered?
Heere lonely boyes, what death forbids my life:
What let your liues commaund in spight of death.
Amy. Alas my Lord, how should our bleeding hearts
Wounded and broken with your highnesse griefe,
Retaine a thought of ioy, or sparke of life?
Your soule giues essence to our wretched subjects,
Whose matter is incorporate in your flesh.
Cel. Your paines doe pierce our soules, no hope survives
For by your life we entertaine our liues.
Tam. But Sonnes, this subiect not of force enough
To holde the fierie spirit it containes,
Must part, imparting his impressions,
By equall portions vnto both your breastes:
My flesh diuided in your precious shapes,
Shall still retaine my spirit though I die,
and live in all our seedes immortally.
Then now remooue me, that I may resigne,
My place and proper title to my Sonne.
First take my Scurge, and my imperiall Crowne,
and mount my royall Chariot of estate,
That I may see the crown'd before I die,
Helpe me (my Lords) to make my last remooue.
Ther a woefull change my Lord, daunts our thought:
More then the ruine of our proper soules.
Tam. Sit vp my Sonne, let me see how well thou wilt
become thy Fathers Maiesty.

the Scythian Shepheard.

They Crowne him.

Amy. With what a flintie bosome should I loy,
The breach of life, and burthen of my soule:
If not resolu'd into resolu'd paines,
My bodie's mortified laments
Should exercise the motions of my heart,
Pierc'd with the ioy of any dignitie:
O father, if the vnrelenting eares,
Of death and hell be shut against my prayers,
and that the spightfull influence of heauen,
Denie my soule fruition of her ioy,
How should I keepe, or stirre, my hateful feet,
Against the inward powers of my heart,
Leading a life that onely strives to die,
and plead in vaine, vnpleasing soueraintie.

Tam. Let not thy loue errede thine honour home,
Nor bar thy minde that magnanimitie,
That nobly must admit necessitie:
Sit vp my boy, and with these liken raines,
Wilde the Steele'd stomacks of these Iades.

Ther. My Lord you must obey his Maiestie,
Since Fate commaunds, and proud necessitie.

Amy. Heauens witnesse me with what a broken heart,
and damned spirit I ascend this seate,
and send my soule before my father die
His anguish and his burning agony.

Tam. Now fetch the hearse of faire Zenocrate,
Let it be plac'd by this my fatall Chaire,
and serue as parcell of my funerall.

Cas. When feesles your Maiestie no soueraigne ease,
Nor may our hearts all drownd in teares of blood,
Joy any hope of your recoverie?

Tam. Casane no, the Monarke of the earth,
and eyelesse monster that torments my soule,
Cannot behold the teares ye shed for me,
and therefore still augments his crueltie.

Tech. When let some God oppose his holy power,
against

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Against the wrath and tyrannies of death,
What his tears thirstie and unquenched hate,
May be upon himselfe repurcheate.

They bring in the Hearse.

Tam. Now eyes enjoy your latest benefit,
and when my soule hath vertue of your sight,
Pierce through the coffin and the waste of gold,
and glut your longings with a heauen of ioy.
So raigne my Sonne, scourge and controule those flames,
Guiding thy chariot with thy Fathers hand,
as precious is the charge thou undertakest,
as that which Clymeneus brainsicke Sonne did guide,
When wandring Phoebus woep cheeres were frosty
and all the earth like Aena breathing fire.

Clymene's

Be warn'd by him, then learne with a full eye,
to sway a throne as dangerous as his,
For if thy bodie thine not full of thought,
as pure and fierie as Phryceus beames,
The nature of these proud rebelling Idols
will take occasion by the slenderest haire,
and draw me preemeale like Hippolitus,
Through Rocks more steepe, and sharpe then Caspian,
The nature of thy Chariot will not beate,
(Cliftes
a guide of baser temper then my selfe,
More then heauens coach, the pride of Phaeton.
Farwell my hopes, my dearest friends, farwell,
My bodie feeler, my soule death weeps to see
your sweetest desires depin'd my company,
For Tamburlaine, the scourge of God must die.

Amy Deate heauen and earth, and here let all things end.
For earth hath spent the pride of all her fruite,
and heauen consum'd his choicest living fire,
Let earth and heauen his timelesse death deplore,
For both their moethes will equall him no more.

FINIS

